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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

"Communism IS the Future"

A Communist Replies to E. A. Havelock's Article,
"The Future of Communism"

By SAM CARR

Canada and Post-League Europe

By FRANK H. UNDERHILL

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E. A. Havelock, L. A. MacKay, Carlton McNaught, Dorothy Page,
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Vol. XVI.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada, October, 1936.

No. 189

ALBERTA AND DEBT

AT the recent session of the Alberta legislature four bills dealing with debt were passed which are of a sensational nature and which will probably far surpass in importance Mr. Aberhart's clumsy efforts to produce the \$25 rabbit out of the Social Credit hat. Our Canadian daily press, with characteristic incompetence, failed to give any adequate account of these, and in eastern Canada their tenor is even yet not generally known. But our financial press has become acutely aware of them and is putting on a first class performance of wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Two of the bills deal with public debt. The first validates the order-in-council of the government passed some months previously, and halves the interest to be paid on all Alberta provincial securities. It is now in operation. The second, which is to be brought into operation only by proclamation, does a similar thing to all Alberta municipal securities, cutting the interest payable to 3 per cent. The other two bills deal with private debt. One extends, in the interest of the debtor, the existing Debt Adjustment Act, among other things making the decision of the Debt Adjustment Board final and not subject to review by the courts. The fourth bill, the most important of them all, the Reduction and Settlement of Debts Act, lays down that "old debts" contracted before July 1, 1932, are to stand as on that date, minus any payments made on principal or interest since, and are to be liquidated in ten annual instalments beginning in November, 1937. "New debts", contracted since July 1, 1932, or in the future, are to bear a maximum interest rate of 5 per cent. . .

All these bills represent clearly a redistribution of wealth at the expense of the creditor class and for the benefit of the debtor class. The fourth embodies a principle for which western radicals have been striving all through the depression, in that it carries out a blanket reduction of old debts and requires any individual creditor to prove that he will be unduly injured thereby. Until this Act the burden of proof was always put, by the various prairie Debt Adjustment Acts, on the individual debtor, who had to show a genuine inability to bear his burden of debt before he could get any reduction made.

Eastern financiers have a record of unrelieved stupidity in their dealings with the western debtors as represented by the three prairie governments. They have been exceedingly stiff and slow in mak-

ing any concessions so that the real concessions which they have made have always been too grudgingly granted to bring them any credit. They have failed to present their case,—and they have a real case as representing thousands of small investors in insurance policies and thousands of small estates which they administer to the western public, but have preferred to depend upon old well-tried methods of lobbying the provincial governments behind the scenes. Up to this year none of the three prairie governments has ventured to do anything very serious on the debt question to which the banks and financial corporations would take much exception. But now Mr. Aberhart has gone and done it. To the outraged howls of our financial leaders the simple reply is that by their rigidity of policy they have proved themselves very bad trustees for the interests of the investors who entrusted their money to them. If it be true, as they say, that the Alberta legislation is too drastic to be in the long-run interests of the debtors themselves as a community, the chief blame for the impatience of the debtor class must be placed upon the solid wooden heads of St. James Street and King Street. As for ourselves, we cannot see why it isn't true that the best way to reduce debt is to reduce it, which is exactly what Mr. Aberhart has done.

WHEN WINTER COMES

ACCORDING to the daily newspapers the Employment Commission is carrying on a most meticulous survey of people on relief. What the purpose of this survey is, is not disclosed. Facts are, of course, necessary for the development of any plan, but the facts presented by the Minister in his speech introducing the bill setting up the Commission last spring, the facts already in the possession of the better provincial and municipal relief administrations and of the private social agencies, are adequate to provide for the building up of a decent system of relief administration for the million or so Canadians who may be on relief next winter. It has been suggested that the purpose of this survey is to provide the Commission with facts which will enable them to plan intelligent schemes of re-employment for the unemployed. That is an estimable desire and is to be encouraged. Even conceding, however, that the Commission is sincere in such a desire, that there is among its members the ability to plan such schemes, that the government will give the

necessary backing, it is doubtful if anything could be done until well past the middle of the winter. It would seem that the present survey alone will not be completed until after the beginning of winter.

In the meantime a million or so Canadians face another winter of despair and humiliation. Relief is never more than an unsatisfactory and unpalatable makeshift. But decent administration can make it less unpalatable and less unsatisfactory. The lead in setting up decent administration must come from the Dominion. There are no constitutional difficulties, as there need be no compulsion. No province need abide by any Dominion regulation, but if it does not it destroys its claim to receive Dominion funds. The municipalities are equally amenable to this form of control, though hitherto it has been used only to curb their generosity to the poor. Under such a system, which insisted on the maintenance of decent standards and the employment of trained administrators, those who are forced to take relief could be spared much of the suffering and humiliation they must now undergo. The first task of the Employment Commission should be the development of a scheme which will protect the unemployed from the vagaries of local municipal councils and the whims of petty politicians. Are they trying to evade this because there is no one on the commission with any knowledge of relief administration, and only one with any knowledge of working class problems? Or is it because the majority group might find adequate relief too expensive for themselves and their industrialist friends? When winter comes what will happen to the one out of every ten or twelve of our neighbours who may be on relief?

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO AMERY

ORD ELIBANK has come and gone, at present we have Mr. L. S. Amery with us, and soon we are to have Lord Lothian. On the evening of September 16 Mr. Amery presented over a coast-to-coast network of radio stations a very skilfully worded account of what the British "National" government have in their minds. He spoke under the auspices, and presumably is travelling in Canada under the auspices, of the National Council of Education, a mysterious body which gets its financial support from sources unknown but which appear to be, in effect, another of the many incarnations of the C.P.R. in this country. No doubt the message which Mr. Amery gave over the air will by this time have been repeated to many a Canadian Club. So that the real meaning of his main propositions is worth some attention.

The League, in his exposition, is to have all its coercive characteristics eliminated from it and is to become merely a body for consultation and conciliation. Its place as an instrument of collective security is to be taken by a series of regional agreements which, as far as we can gather from Mr. Amery and the other exponents of this idea, will be merely the old pre-war alliance under a more euphemistic title. To sweeten this somewhat unattractive pill Mr. Amery has had a brilliant idea which appears to be original with him. According to his inspiration the ultimate aim of this new system is a general European union. The nucleus of such a union is to be an agreement between France, Italy, and Germany; and Mr. Amery blandly assures us that his prophetic

eye can discern such a union taking form amongst the armaments of Europe. But to a Franco-Italian-German union there is one obstacle—the Franco-Russian alliance. So that must be jettisoned. Russia, after all, is not really an European community, for reasons which Mr. Amery was too polite to specify further. Germany, he tells us, quite properly objects to the Franco-Russian alliance. As for Britain, she is not to join this European union, but she is to give it her blessing.

The plain meaning of all these beautiful words is, of course, that France is to be pressed into deserting Russia and that Britain is to assist in the pressure. Then the way will be open for a Fascist Europe in earnest. And what of Canada? Why, of course, we are to give our blessing to Britain when she gives her blessing to Germany and Italy in bringing France to her senses. If you look again at Low's famous cartoon of Mr. Amery, with the Union Jack spread-eagled behind him, you will see that there is something sinister in that bland smile of his.

RUSSIA BECOMES RESPECTABLE

It is, however, getting a little harder for our governing classes to whip up the crusading spirit against the Soviet Union. So many in their own ranks have announced a change of heart on the subject that the number of converts is becoming positively embarrassing. On another page we review an English recantation by Sir Bernard Pares. Toronto's Saturday Night recently printed a notable and courageous confession from that distinguished Russian exile in Canada, Count Nicholas Ignatieff, entitled "I Have Changed My Mind About Soviet Russia". "I think, on the whole", he wrote, "that we judged the Communists too harshly. We did not give the leaders credit for a genuine desire to benefit both worker and peasant. . . . There is yet much hardship, much terror, much compulsion in Russia. But the conditions are definitely improving". Much of this new light we no doubt owe to Hitler. The prospect of a German invasion of the Ukraine has begun to create pro-Russians in unexpected quarters. But in our western democracies it is not the intelligentsia, but the money power that does the loudest talking. It is, therefore, all the more significant to find the Montreal Star referring to "Moscow" as one of the "civilized" governments, even if only in the rather dubious company of "Rome" and "Berlin". But it is even more significant to find a leading financial paper reprinting on its editorial page an article from Raymond Moley's "To-Day", which sets forth, among other things, that: (1) the Soviet gold reserve is close to \$1,000,000,000; (2) Soviet gold production is now second only to South Africa; (3) the British "national" government has recently underwritten \$50,000,000 of ten-year credits to the Soviet Union at 5½ per cent. This is indeed heartening news. The ideals of the Russians continue to be in bad odour with our capitalists, but apparently their money, as a Roman emperor once put it, "smells all right".

THE SPANISH CAULDRON

It is impossible to extract much comfort of any sort from the Spanish civil war, and difficult to decide which is more nauseating—the cowardice and hypocrisy of Spain's democratic neighbours, or

the mutual slaughter of the Spaniards themselves. Their government was freely elected by a clear majority of the whole people. It entered on its term of office with every appearance of peaceful efficiency. Then the armed uprising was launched. One would have supposed that by normal international usage it deserved the full diplomatic and financial support of France and Britain against such a rebellion. In the name of neutrality it got neither. Ambassadors have been withdrawn from Madrid, and the government is now denied the right to purchase arms, and we suspect food and medical supplies, from abroad. Meanwhile the Fascist powers have established accredited embassies with the rebels, and have furnished them with credits. The embargo imposed on the civil war by the rest of Europe is the worst sort of hypocrisy, for by being applied to Spain itself, the supposed seat of the conflict, it automatically cuts off Madrid, while allowing every sort of weapon to pass through Lisbon and Morocco, the real bases of the rebellion. It seems impossible to doubt that full diplomatic and financial support extended to the government in the beginning would by this time have ended the revolt and saved thousands of lives. As it is, the protracted struggle must now continue between a people large in numbers but poor in resources and a junta which in the name of Spain and Spanish freedom are using Moors and foreigners to exterminate their own people. Our papers vie with each other in recounting atrocity stories whether of the left or right—it all has news value. None of them need necessarily be true; most of the correspondents are writing in armchairs across the Portuguese and French frontiers. Some of them must be true. Civil war and, indeed, all war, is like that. Once launched it becomes uncontrollable. The loyalists show signs of divided command and counsels. The rebels are better organized and led. Whichever side wins will inherit a Spain impoverished and embittered, with some of its best and finest men and women slain. They will not be replaced within a generation. Every socialist, every liberal, we would almost say every man of any decent feeling, can only hope that the government will prevail. Something like a stalemate is possible, with Spain divided into two sets of provinces, Fascist and non-Fascist. Exactly what "non-Fascist" may come to mean it is yet impossible to say.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS

IN SPITE of State primaries, Maine elections, and the Literary Digest poll, political prospects in the United States at the time of writing—six weeks before the November elections—remain as uncertain as ever. No outstanding success has accrued to either side since the campaign started; no really damaging blows have yet been suffered by either party. The primaries have reaffirmed Roosevelt's hold on the solid South and dissipated any prospect of a serious revolt within the Democratic party. The President's strength is still concentrated in the South and trans-Mississippi West; the northeastern seaboard seems predominantly Republican; the states bordering the Great Lakes remain the battleground in which the outcome will be decided. There

are no indications that Governor Landon has succeeded in attracting any important body of new converts since his nomination. At best he retains his hold on those forces of negation and resistance whose hatred of Roosevelt would throw their support to any Republican candidate. He has not as yet succeeded in capturing the enthusiasm of those moderates who dislike the trend of the New Deal but are unwilling to accept a policy of complete reaction. Unless there are some striking developments during the next month, the citizens of this persuasion will either vote with some reluctance for Roosevelt or will simply remain away from the polls. The New Deal will lose little strength to the Republicans. It may still, however, lose a certain amount to third party candidates. The third party vote is not likely to be large, but it may be strategically important. A popular majority of a few thousand will decide the whole of New York's 47 electoral votes; a turning of the balance by the Townsend-Lemke forces in Ohio or Illinois might decide the election. On the whole, the chances still seem favorable to Roosevelt. His vigor and his suavity are both unabated; his tactics have been skillful and effective; and if he failed to remove old resentments, he has avoided creating any new ones, and has probably succeeded in conciliating a good many wavering. The Republicans will need all the breaks if they are to win in November.

HIS EX.

YES, we knew that it was bound to happen sooner or later. The Canadian government tried a too daring experiment when it advised His Majesty to appoint John Buchan as Governor-General of Canada. For he is a man of energy and real political ability, with a lively interest in the great political issues of our day and with definite views upon them. But the G. G. as the representative of the Crown in Canada is not allowed to have any political opinions save those of his responsible advisers for the moment, and he is not expected to express even these save as they are expressed for him in the Speech from the Throne. Lord Tweedsmuir has been unable to hold himself in, and has already been making speeches about defence and about the League of Nations. However carefully guarded his phraseology may have been, it is fairly clear that his opinions on those issues are not those of the King government. How could they be, since in private life he is a British Conservative Imperialist? Our late Governor-General avoided pitfalls by concentrating his public activities upon the Little Theatre movement, thereby offending nobody and encouraging a great many harmless persons who cherish the illusion that they can act because they have never shown any ability to do anything else. We thought for a moment when Lord Tweedsmuir arrived that his problem had been solved for him by the Association of Canadian Bookmen. They nabbed him almost as he was coming down the gangplank at Quebec, and we still think he should entrust the organization of his official tours to their guidance. Then, if he will confine his speeches to such topics as the genius of the late Sir Walter Scott or the Bible as Literature, he will be able to report to His Majesty a successful tour of duty in this country.

Communism IS the Future

SAM CARR

THE contribution of Mr. E. A. Havelock in the August issue of the Canadian Forum, appearing under the title "The Future of Communism", is a serious and very interesting effort to clarify some burning issues of today. The article of Mr. Havelock departs radically from the "regular burial parties" accorded regularly to our movement and declares emphatically that communism is "being described, discussed, debated and contested as never before". Needless to say, we also agree fully with the writer when he states that: "The Future of Communism Is No Longer a Russian Question: It Becomes a World Question". (My emphasis, S.C.).

Two basic problems raised by Mr. Havelock well merit some discussion. First of all, Mr. Havelock again restates that "The Communists believe in achieving their goal by force and violence". He follows this statement by declaring that the real difference between the Socialist and Communist positions is to be found in their respective attitudes to the Soviets.

Deploring an assertion that, since the death of Lenin, Communism has crystallized into "a dogma . . . around the doctrines of Soviets", the writer goes to great lengths to prove that whilst Soviets may have been the best form of government for backward Russia, they are doomed to failure in countries of modern bourgeois democracy.

The Communists and Force and Violence

The Communist position on the role of force and violence in the realm of social change hinges on what should, by now, be recognized as a truism. Namely that no ruling class has ever relinquished its privileged position without unleashing the most stubborn and sanguinary struggle to perpetuate itself in the seat of might. Partially, Mr. Havelock admits the above when he writes: "Socialists, for example, accept the class struggle and it is no use pretending that they do not. No Socialist today is prepared to argue as a Fabian or a follower of H. G. Wells might once have argued that he can rely merely on enlightenment or education or science to do the trick for him". The writer goes even further when he states that: "Socialists these days believe they may have to govern by decree for a time and they believe in self-defence".

If one needed a further demonstration of the correctness of Marx and Lenin, who taught us that the ruling class faced with the remotest possibility of losing their privileged position, will not stop at savagery and actual physical extermination of multitudes, it is given to us by the recent events in Spain. So powerful is the lesson of the Spanish civil war that even the Liberal Toronto Star admits, in an editorial of September 4th, that: "Spain is showing the world that the ruling class will never surrender no matter what may be the human need". Always recognizing what the Star, and we hope millions of toilers, learned from Spain, it has been, and is, our position that the proletariat and middle class supporting it in the struggle for socialism must be prepared to face the force and violence

which the master class will employ on an ever-growing scale. It has been, and is, our position that the forces for socialism must also be prepared to remove from their path to progress the relatively small group of those who will naturally do all in their power to continue this system that means a parasitic life for them.

"Coercion on Mass Scale" Not Our Aim

Mr. Havelock distorts history when he writes that "Communists support a policy which will involve not merely coercion, but illegal coercion on a mass scale". Again and again, we Communists, the world over, made it quite clear that the dictatorship of the proletariat does not mean the dictatorship of a small minority over the masses of people or even the dictatorship of the working class over the middle class as well as the bourgeoisie. Every serious student of communism, everyone who has troubled to read Lenin's "State and Revolution", knows that the dictatorship of the proletariat signifies the power of those who toil, the power of the working class, supported by the overwhelming majority of the population and directed solely against the small parasitic group and the agents of this group who would try to resurrect the overthrown capitalist regime, bring back misery and exploitation. It is because of this content and significance of the dictatorship of the proletariat that Lenin declared that one of the great prerequisites for a successful revolution is that the overwhelming majority of the people shall no longer desire to live under the capitalist system. Mr. Havelock should know that we Communists are the bitterest enemies of putschism, of any attempt of small groups to capture power and enforce their will upon the masses of the people. Mr. Havelock, being willing to concede "that we may have to rule by decree for a time, and defend ourselves" because the dispossessed ruling class will fight, should have no difficulties in understanding Lenin's position that, having taken power the working class must have the dictatorship of the proletariat as the rule of the people through the working class, which is the most determined class, most prepared to carry out the will of the people who dread the return of capitalism. The coercion employed is employed only against the enemies of the people and there is no ground ascribing to us a great hunger "for coercion on a mass scale".

Prejudices Should Not Bind Us

Having described the problem of coercion, Mr. Havelock declares that "this is bound to violate all the established political and social habits of our present system, not merely our capitalist habits but our sense of what is vaguely called law and order". One cannot hope to advance very far on the road to a basic change in the system we live under if one will circumscribe his action by "vague conception of law and order", conceptions obviously created and widely propagandized by the very class whose rule socialism not only challenges but undertakes to destroy. Once, Mr. Havelock, we agree that the

bourgeoisie will not give up by a Fabian educational process, once we see that the ruling class knows no limits to extermination and destruction when their rule is challenged, once we agree that the continued rule of the bourgeoisie not only in the openly fascist countries but even in others, is a barrier to progress and advancement—then why should any one of us be "conscience-troubled" by the idea that some coercion will be employed against these enemies of humanity. However, the proletarian dictatorship is not limited to being a defensive mechanism only. We cannot agree with the contentions of Mr. Havelock that the workers of this or any other parliamentary country must or will wait "until our parliamentary democracy is destroyed by some sort of fascism" before they accept the Soviet way out. The people of the world are learning. Maybe not as rapidly as we would like them to learn. Nevertheless the very reason for "communism becoming a world question" lies in the fact that, in the minds of millions, the idea is rapidly maturing that the communist way is the only way out. The experiences of Socialist governments in Germany, in Austria, and the present events in Spain on the one hand, and the steady onward march of the Soviet people on the other, is the very living demonstration of bold and decisive revolutionary measures (when the time is ripe) as opposed to reformism and all its fears and "vague conceptions of law and order". When, in a country, the overwhelming majority of the people, workers, farmers, professionals and small business men are convinced by life inside their national borders and by events at home and abroad, that, in order to prevent Hitler barbarism or Franco and Mola massacres, that in order that the nation may be spared the tortures inflicted on Spain, the rule of the rich must be destroyed by the people who take the offensive, then we who stand for Socialism must be in the very forefront of such struggles. We must prepare for and be the first advocates of such social preventives, though knowing that this will be totally unwelcome to the few whose rule must go if the people are to live and progress.

What Soviets Gave the People

Mr. Havelock, setting out to prove that Soviets cannot serve the Western Socialists, admits generously and correctly that "these committees (The Soviets, S.C.) once set up and functioning, gave free expression and a share in the political power to multitudes who have never dreamt of freedom before. It did so without depriving any large class of the freedom they enjoyed". Once again Mr. Havelock answers himself most effectively. The Soviets, meaning the councils or committees elected by the people from the factories, mills and mines, making the honor of being elected a right of all who toil, not, as in Canada, the nearly complete monopoly of lawyers, providing for recall, and making government the business of the people and not politicians only, are the most democratic form of people's rule evolved by human civilization. Having admitted that Soviets "give free expression" and undreamt of "political power to multitudes", Mr. Havelock should see that his earlier argument about Soviets meaning "coercion on a mass scale" falls completely. Mr. Havelock questions the possibility of success of Soviets in a country of bourgeois

democracy because here, in contradistinction to Tsarist Russia, the "existing bureaucracy and judiciary are trained in the service of parliament, they would almost inevitably resist the innovation and lend support to maintaining the existing system of government. Hence the Soviet congress would be compelled to organize a new civil service and law enforcement system, not to mention a new army".

We do not disagree with the statement quoted above. However, it is clear that it defeats the aim it was made for. First of all, it is wrong to say that there was no bureaucracy, no large state apparatus in the Russia of the Tsar. On the contrary, there was such a bureaucracy, a judiciary, gendarmes and countless officials who were staunch supporters of the Tsar's regime. They were given small crumbs from the table of the privileged and they feared the revolution. Lenin understood that it would be hopeless Philistinism to try to run a socialist collective society by utilizing "an old law enforcement system" and an apparatus which has been built upon the very foundation of the idea that it is designed by super-natural power that there shall be forever rulers and oppressed.

The Soviets in Russia had to organize a new civil service, a new army, yes, Mr. Havelock, a new code of laws, and even a new standard of morals no longer based on necessity to apologize for, extol and enforce by law the right of the rich to be rich at the expense of the many.

In Spain today the government which came into power peacefully, faced with the need for defence against the Fascist bands of capitalism and landlordism, discovered soon enough that it must create new laws, a new social service and yes, a new army where sergeants become generals, because the generals of the old regime, with few exceptions, belong to the old regime.

This does not mean that all social service workers in Canada, all who are connected with the parliamentary government of the type of "Bennett's iron-heel" or "King's oily-tongue" will oppose the socialist state. It depends upon us as to what the multitude of those who are now connected with the government will do. It depends upon how effectively we work to convince the social service workers, the professionals, professors and the masses of farmers, that socialism will give them real security, real liberty.

Mr. Havelock states that the Soviets gave the people of the U.S.S.R. new freedom without depriving them of the little they had. It is up to us to convince the overwhelming majority of the people in countries of bourgeois democracy that socialism will not mean the loss of one particle of liberty we now have, but, to the contrary, it will mean the blossoming forth of this liberty to unprecedented "undreamt of heights".

Mr. Havelock must see the fallacy of his statement delcaring that "when the proletariat has been mobilized and even if, as once in Italy, the factories have been occupied, failure to control the existing apparatus of government will mean the failure of all else".

It is much more than the control of the existing apparatus of the government that is needed to "win all". It is the understanding that the apparatus built by the capitalist class to serve its system can-

not serve successfully or loyally the new system that is diametrically opposed to the old. Some of the elements of the old apparatus may be used but basically it must be completely changed.

What Soviets Lead To

It is of decisive importance that all Socialists and progressive people should, in this period of sharpest alignments of fascism against progress, be able to refute the propaganda of the enemies of the people who would have us think that fascism and communism are both dictatorships and, as such, are against individual freedom.

The U.S.S.R. has provided us with the greatest weapon against fascist propaganda, against Hitler's ravings. The new Soviet constitution about to be formally promulgated, clearly proves that Communists are not lovers of "coercion on a mass scale". The new Soviet constitution, and this has been admitted even by some foes, has reached the greatest heights of guaranteeing economic, political and cultural liberty of the people.

That in the Soviet Union the government destroys small cliques, inspired from abroad, and having no other aim but to obstruct the further advance of socialism, should not serve as an obstruction of vision for socialists and progressives. We must understand that the very destruction of such elements indicates the determination with which the Soviet people follow their aim, the aim of not only building a free and happy life for themselves, but of showing the people of the world the way to freedom.

Communism Is the Future

Mr. Havelock, in his article, goes a long way to show his agreement with the principles of Marxism. We must remind him that Marx repeatedly told us that the recognition of the class struggle is not something peculiar to Marxists.

Marx acknowledged that the liberal bourgeoisie recognized the class struggle before he started his monumental work. The essence of being a Marxist lies in the possession of a clear and determined perspective of what should be done to free the working class and advance to a classless society.

We Communists do not maintain that socialism will be achieved in every country by the same pattern, by exactly the same sequence of events as was the case in Old Russia. We do state, however, that the historic lessons of the Russian revolution inexorably show the road the working class of the world must follow.

We want socialism. We want a society without exploitation or coercion. We cannot close our eyes to all that is taking place in Spain, to the maniac speeches of Hitler, to the position of the British National government. We cannot, in the face of all that is taking place, continue repeating to ourselves that we believe in some "vague conception of law and order" which prevents us from accepting the full significance of the Marxian theory and from taking all measures necessary to remove the obstacles on the way to what we wish to achieve.

It is true that Soviets or Councils are of Russian origin. They are not a dogma with us, but

what we do maintain is, that in the laboratory of the U.S.S.R. the Soviets have proven to be the most effective expression of popular will and the forerunners of a constitution like the one just published by the people of the Soviet Union.

Learning from the experiences in the U.S.S.R., in Germany, in Spain, we maintain that the councils of the people are so far the best form of transition period government yet evolved.

I do hope that this discussion will help in a mutual understanding of the problems we face. Allow me to assure Mr. Havelock that the Communist parties are not reluctant, as he would have it, to tell the people about Communism when the people are so anxious to know about it.

In every country of the world, without any regard to personal danger, imprisonment and executions, Communists tirelessly tell the people about the solutions that they propose for the evils of the system we live under.

Again and again, we draw the lessons of the achievements of the people of the U.S.S.R. and, whilst remembering the differences in the historic setting, we also remember that in the Soviet Union we have the greatest laboratory where the theories of Marx and Lenin are being proven most brilliantly and daily under the leadership of Stalin.

Mr. Havelock states that our present teachings to the effect that "we must all unite to stop fascism does not help". Here again you are quite wrong, Mr. Havelock. Our stubborn campaign for unity, to prevent the victory of fascism, the danger of which becomes more obvious as the days go by, once more indicates that we Communists are not dogmatists.

Facing the problems of life from day to day, we do not forget our ultimate aim, the ultimate solution. At the same time, we do not make a meaningless and tiresome repetition of our slogans for socialism, the only thing we are prepared to do to win the people for bringing socialism into reality.

Unity against fascism, as we see in Spain, means winning the masses for struggle against capitalism. This unity means teaching the people that the roots of fascism and all it stands for are the roots of capitalism. The struggle for unity means that we will find an avenue by which we will prevent the Fascist demagogues from capturing the leadership of the people who search for a way out of their misery.

Let us hope that, having agreed on so many of the basic postulates of socialism, our parties, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation and the Communist Party will, in the near future, finally find the common road to a socialist Canada.

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Economic Notes

EUGENE FORSEY

Business Conditions—

The pace of recovery slackened a little in July. Physical volume of business stood at 110, as against 103 last year. The most notable declines were imports of raw cotton (from 115.2 to 67.6), imports of cotton yarn (from 109.1 to 83.3), steel production (from 142.8 to 114.1), pig iron production (from 81.3 to 56.3), and automobile production (from 82.2 to 65.9). On the other hand almost all the mineral indices show advances, especially asbestos exports (from 53.0 to 112.8), and bauxite imports (from 259.8 to 364.1). Crude petroleum imports are down, but rubber imports, electric power, exports of newsprint, pulp, and planks and boards show large gains. C.P.R. net revenue for the first seven months is a little above last year, while C.N.R., as a result of a sharp decline in July, is down about 22 per cent. Commercial loans by Canadian banks stood at the lowest point since 1910, while the banks' holdings of long term securities, though less than in June, were 51 per cent. above last year. A recent estimate puts the number of unemployed on July 1 at 600,000 to 750,000, probably about 625,000. Employment on August 1 was only slightly better than in the previous month.

Few August or September figures are yet available. Construction in August fell below July (whose figures were rather below last year's), but residential building was higher. Car loadings are very much higher than a year ago, but the Financial Post considers this "due in large measure to the early marketing of grain", and warns that this "will probably mean a sharp falling off in later weeks due to the short total crop". September dividends, as estimated by the same paper, are \$14,610,378, about \$2,200,000 higher than in 1935. It is necessary to add that this is, of course, a gross figure, which makes no allowance for inter-company payments.

Wheat—

Wheat exports in July were almost three times as great as in 1935, and there seems good reason to think that by the end of the present crop year the carryover will be reduced to normal proportions. The Liberal government may then be able to realize its dream of restoring laissez-faire in wheat marketing. The Wheat Board does not expect to have to buy much, if any, new wheat at its minimum price of 87½ cents, but rather to be occupied almost wholly in getting rid of its present stocks (about 100,000,000 bushels). The minimum price serves, however, as a "stop-loss" guarantee to farmers, and is said to have induced elevator companies to extend credit more freely.

Tourist Trade—

The Financial Post estimates this year's tourist trade at a gross figure of \$275,000,000. This would be about the same as 1928, just less than 1930, and some \$34,000,000 below the peak year 1929. Net returns (after deducting expenditures of Canadian tourists abroad) is put at \$155,000,000, which would be close to the pre-depression figures, when our "invisible" export of scenery and amenities stood second only to wheat on the credit side of our balance sheet of international payments.

October, 1936.

A Letter

PACIFISM AND SOCIALISM

To the Editor of The Canadian Forum:

Dear Sir,—In studying Mr. Gelber's attack on Pacifism in your last issue, entitled "As It Is In Heaven", I find it very difficult to disentangle reasonable argument from angry rhetoric. I will try, however, in this necessarily brief reply, not to be side-tracked by the latter into ignoring the former. One difficulty is that my articles dealt mainly with foreign wars. It is this no doubt that led Mr. Gelber to say that I am 'surely thinking of some other world than that of Europe in 1936'. It seems to me that both the war in Manchukuo and in Abyssinia prove that wars for imperialist stakes are not yet a thing of the past. Nor can I share the youthful illusion that the world has completely changed in twenty years. It never does.

But in any case pacifism is just as applicable to 'the war for social emancipation' as it is to imperialist wars. A horizontal war between class and class spreading throughout Europe is to me just as horrible a prospect as a vertical war between nations or indeed a mixture of the two. Neither in one case nor in the other is pacifism merely 'the desire to be left at peace'. It is, to my mind, a far more effective way of achieving the desired end.

There are two ways of resisting Fascism, as well as Imperialism. The first is by force of arms; the second is by various ways of non-co-operation, including the general strike as well as the refusal to bear arms or pay taxes. I believe the second to be the more likely to succeed, and to be far less costly in lives, suffering and brutalization. Mr. Gelber contemptuously dismisses this view as 'the leisurely sophistication of pacifist ideologues', but says little or nothing to prove his case. The power of the proletariat seems to me irresistible if well organized for non-co-operation, whereas in all the Western countries (not excepting France) military power is likely to be in the hands of pro-Fascists. The present civil war in Spain surely shows that by fighting you are in great danger of destroying the very thing you are fighting for, namely, in this case, Spain. It is at least possible, that if all the energy that now goes to armed resistance had been expended in organizing non-co-operation against any Fascist government that might have been established by a military coup, the victory of the socialist element would have been far less doubtful.

For unless we are blinded by words, we must see at once that it is not the bankers or the grandes who fight the battles of Fascism. These are fought by the common people, of whatever colour, who have been misled to support their natural enemy. The real problem is to deprive Fascism of that support, and permanent victory is ultimately possible only in so far as that is done. I do not think it can be done either by fighting or by a terrorist regime, for to persuade a man while you are shooting at him is apt to be difficult. This is especially true the more industrialized the country and the more civilized or literate the people. And note that this persuasion is not 'an appeal to better nature', but to normal, healthily selfish common sense.

Spain is making another point clear: that a revolution or counter-revolution in any Western state will be a far more ugly horror than the Russian revolution, which, as a revolution, was comparatively bloodless. As far as civil war goes, Russia was still in the bow and arrow stage.

And the more highly industrialized the country, the more ugly civil war is likely to be. At the end of it there would be little left to celebrate the victory with.

All this, it may be said, applies only to the time before the Fascist dictatorship is established. For Mr. Gelber's most telling argument is that modern means of propaganda enable a dictator to turn the whole population into yes-men and automata. This conception seems to me to originate rather in Aldous Huxley's 'Brave New World' than in actual information about the state of Germany (though this is certainly bad enough). Hitler's periodical purges within his own party do not seem to support it. Nor, if Fascism brings economic misery and even lower wages (as we know it does) is any amount of propaganda likely to succeed in the long run. The success of the propaganda is to a large extent made possible by the tremendous armaments of the non-Fascist states and their selfish imperialism. And here Mr. Gelber is guilty of a curious confusion: to disprove my contention that no citizen army would follow their leaders in a war against an unarmed foe he maintains that 'the men in the street will never know who struck first'. Clearly when only one side strikes at all, the question as to who struck first can hardly arise. Whereas it is bound to arise in every other case. And that is the root of the matter.

Mr. Gelber still refuses to see the difference between mere refusal to fight and constructive pacifism. Let me assure him again that mere non-interference on the part of a nation armed to the teeth is not pacifism, that the pre-Hitler governments were not pacifist, and that for a munition exporter to suddenly refuse to sell arms to the Spanish government is not pacifism either.

In the long run the socialist who intends to enforce socialism, if he can, by force of arms is bound to support a policy of rearmament in the hope that he may some time be able to use the arms himself. He is not likely to have the chance. Whereas if the workers would only learn to use the tremendous power of non-co-operation that is theirs, they would be irresistible. And the more highly industrialized the country, the more irresistible they would be.

G. M. A. GRUBE.



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To a Generation Unemployed

In heaven they neither eat nor drink
Nor in the nether world, I think.
Neither are they in marriage given
In hell, 'tis said, nor yet in heaven.
So after four years on the dole,
Though still together, body and soul,
You're equally prepared to grace
The social life of either place.
But what a deal with death is yours
Before you reach the other shores.
Many a lad like you and me
To save the Empire crossed the sea
And fought for right and swallowed lies
In Flanders fields and there he lies.
They died for us; they died in vain.
And soon their sons shall die again.
For hope with their expiring breath
Went out. For us a second death.
So now that peace and plenty reign
Keep out of sight and don't complain.
For though you live on bitter bread,
Though faith and hope are in you dead,
On charity you may rely
So do not in the body lie,
For soon the guns begin, and then
There will be certain need of men.
Not yet the writing on the wall
Has specified how you shall fall.
Some fair-haired Prussian thrusting through
(For he is unemployed as you)
May give you peace, or I perhaps
And other well-conditioned chaps—
A loyal guard of volunteers
When Bolshevism's head appears—
Will halt and form a hollow square
And on a gallows hang you there.
So lie and dream your life-in-death
Or stumble on with borrowed breath,
And I'll erect on your behalf
This temporary epitaph:
These at a time when stocks were falling,
An hour when bonds had taken flight,
Forsook their mercenary calling
And walked out blindly in the night.
They ceased to earn, and markets mended;
They starved and spared the budget grief.
We all were brave; ah! they were splendid,
And rescued business—on relief. AQUARIUS

Canada and Post-League Europe

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

BEFORE this number of The Canadian Forum is published the Assembly of the League of the League of Nations will have met at Geneva to perform the obsequies over the Collective System. After September, 1936, all that seems likely to remain of the League as an instrument for maintaining peace and preventing aggression is a loose organization for periodical round-table discussions. Under the leadership of Great Britain Articles X and XVI will be deleted from the Covenant or made meaningless, and the League will be watered down to a Concert of Europe. And it must be admitted by all except the wilfully blind that there is no use in continuing the hypocrisy of mutual guarantees against aggression after what has happened in Manchuria and Ethiopia.

So Europe returns to the pre-1914 system. The new Concert of Europe will be a little more regular in its meetings for discussion and negotiation than was the old Concert which Sir Edward Grey tried in vain to galvanize into life in July, 1914. That is worth something, but not much in a continent which is feverishly arming for another war. Inside the new Concert the old balance-of-power system of alliances and armaments is already in full play, with Great Britain in her old familiar role of painful hesitation. Every move that is made by any foreign office is actuated by calculations as to its effect upon the balance-of-power and upon the military position of the state concerned. Those constructive functions which the League might have performed by helping towards a world in which the underlying economic and social causes of international friction would be progressively removed will now be completely paralyzed. No foreign minister can afford to let his attention wander from the dominant question of the position of his country in the coming war.

So the Collective System is dead. It now becomes a subject for learned investigation by professors of history in their Ph.D. seminars. In Canada its demise has been marked by a certain flow of crocodile tears and by the usual idiocies which always occur on such painful occasions, when fervent idealists affirm their faith that the corpse is not dead but liveth forevermore. (Unfortunately in international politics we cannot call in the next world to redress the balance of the present). But a frank survey of Canadian opinion makes it clear that there is only one genuine believer in the principles of the Collective System left in our country. He is, of course, Mr. J. W. Dafoe of the Winnipeg Free Press. Mr. Dafoe has been openly indignant at the policies of the governments, including the Canadian and British governments, who have sabotaged and destroyed the League experiment, and he is now rightly predicting the disasters towards which the world is headed as a result of the Geneva failure. (Incidentally it may be remarked, for those who are interested in history, that the Winnipeg Free Press was the only Canadian journal in 1919 which showed a full understanding of the

implications of the new League system and which accepted them heartily. The Montreal Gazette understood the implications all right, and, like the good conservative that it is, was highly skeptical about the whole business. The rest of the Canadian press and the rest of the Canadian public failed to understand the implications but accepted them heartily.

AS for the other professed devotees of the League in Canada, they soon reveal themselves as only British imperialists in disguise. (There is also, of course, the small group of Russian communists, most of them honestly undisguised, but some of them dressed up as the League Against War and Fascism.) Our respectable bourgeois Leaguists can't get two or three sentences out of their mouths without calling on us to support Britain in her noble peace policy or to stand by her in her efforts to produce sanity among the errant continental Europeans. Mr. Dafoe knows that the present British government has not been pursuing a peace policy at all, and that its lack of leadership or positive disloyalty at Geneva has been the main contributing factor in undermining the League's effectiveness. Whether he wants us, nevertheless, to support the British government in their real policy is a topic on which he remains strangely silent. It is however the vital question on which we have to make up our minds.

Just as there is no longer such a thing as a League policy, so there is no such thing as a British Commonwealth policy. The experiment of a common Britannic policy worked out by "continuous consultation" was dropped, in fact, early in the 1920's. There is a continuous British policy, i.e., a United Kingdom policy, on which Canada has not been really consulted, on which she has shown no signs of wanting to be consulted, and from the entanglements of which, at least under Mr. King's leadership, she has carefully kept aloof. When these peregrinating imperialists like Lord Elibank talk to us about Commonwealth defence and Commonwealth policy they would be more honest if they said British defence and British policy. (Or perhaps, to do them justice, we should merely say that they would be more clear-headed, since most of them cannot honestly see the distinction.) What they are inviting us to co-operate in is the policy of the Baldwin government in defending what it conceives to be British interests, i.e., in the defence of the British dependent empire and its lines of communication upon which British capitalism depends for its survival and prosperity. They are not defending democracy, or the Collective System, or freedom in Europe. They will fight for these causes only if they happen to be involved in British imperialist interests.

The present British government has, as a matter of fact, steadily and deliberately betrayed all the causes in whose defence it now invites our support. It refused to run any risks in the defence of collective security when Japan invaded Manchuria and when Italy invaded Ethiopia. In the first case its

refusal was clear-cut because it could see no British imperialist interests in China that were endangered to such an extent as to produce a situation in which it was worth while to lose Japanese good will. In the second case it hesitated and shilly-shallied because British interests in the Mediterranean and Red Sea route, as well as League principles, were obviously being challenged; but in the end it backed away from sanctions because the danger to the overseas empire did not seem so great as the danger to the whole capitalist class system (of which the British Empire is a part) if Italian fascism should suffer a reverse and be upset by an internal "red" uprising. At present the dominant elements in the Baldwin government are trying to make a deal with Hitler by which he will guarantee the security of their imperial possessions (they may have, of course, eventually, to concede him one or two Portuguese colonies) if they will give him a free hand against Russia. They know that the Nazis are dangerous and disagreeable customers, but they believe that the community of interest between Conservative British capitalism and Nazi German capitalism as against the communist system would make permanent peaceful relations with Germany secure.

IT IS a government of this kind and a policy of this kind that we shall be blindly supporting if we join in any ambitious schemes of "Commonwealth defence". Canada has an interest in desiring the success of the democratic and left forces in Europe against the growing fascist reaction there. How far that interest should lead us to make preparations for military action may be a matter for legitimate argument among Canadian liberals and progressives. But to support the present British government in its policies is no way of realizing the aspirations of any Canadian liberal or progressive. In our position as a member of the British Commonwealth and as a small power thousands of miles away from Europe we can intervene in that continent only under British leadership. Before we decide to intervene we must be sure that the British leadership will be going in a direction of which we approve. This means, as a minimum, the elimination of the present "National" government.

But the fact is that there is no likelihood of the "National" government forces being defeated in the near future in Britain. And one must sadly admit that there is little more likelihood of the British Labour party, in or out of office, showing such militancy and determination as to make sure that the British weight in Europe will be cast on the right side. In such circumstances we should watch Europe closely but keep out of it.

In the meantime Mr. King has gone to Geneva without telling us a word as to what attitude he is going to adopt on the question of "reforming" the League which will be discussed there or on the question of "Commonwealth defence" which he will not be able to avoid discussing in London. Next year, in the midst of a well-organized orgy of Coronation loyalism, there is to be held a meeting of the Imperial Conference at which vital decisions, positive or negative, will be made. The Round Table, the spokesmen of the most intelligent and most tireless of British imperialists, is already suggesting in its current issue that what is needed

is not merely an Imperial Conference but "rather perhaps an Imperial Cabinet". They are getting right back in London to the atmosphere of 1917. They have never given up their ambitions for a centralized direction and control of the policy of the whole empire, however much they may have professed to welcome the decentralized Commonwealth of the 1920's. And now that they feel the situation to be acute they are taking off the mask.

What lead is our Canadian government giving us on this side of the Atlantic? Mr. King made one admirable speech last session, the best speech that has been made by any Canadian governmental leader since the peace settlement of 1919, but beyond that he has been mum or has confined himself to meaningless generalities. We are, as Mr. Edgar McInnis has put it in his notable article in the current Queen's Quarterly, a nation in the dark. I cannot do better than conclude by quoting some of his remarks:

"The fact that we are entitled to declare our immunity from obligations contracted by Great Britain has given us a delusive security, and has kept us from examining how far such a declaration will be really effective. We may find that we have just enough rope to hang ourselves . . . Above all, it is essential that public opinion shall be enlightened on the situation. Far from waiting to find out what that opinion is, the government must give us a lead by full information and adequate discussion. 'Occasions may arise', said Mr. King, 'where military action may become advisable or essential, but so far as Canada is concerned that would be for the parliament of Canada to decide in the light of all the circumstances of the time.' This is a most alarming pronouncement. There is no indication that parliament has either the knowledge or the capacity to rise to such a situation. And behind parliament stands the people in a state of ignorance which successive governments have cherished. Yet it is we, the people, who must make the final decision. We have a right to know the implications and the price of the policies that may be open to us. If we are to decide, we must know what we are deciding. A government which persistently shelters the electorate from all vital knowledge can hardly justify itself by promising that, when the crisis arrives, they will be permitted to choose the right course out of their ignorance. Even the most ardent believer in popular sovereignty would hardly care to submit the democratic system to so great a strain."



Pacific Problems and the I.P.R.

F. R. SCOTT

In a world heading rapidly for war, a conference of peace-loving humanitarians may seem to possess a noble futility. While Soviet forces were massing in Eastern Siberia, Japan was consolidating her conquests in North China and an unknown quantity of Communist troops were roaming the Chinese interior, the Institute of Pacific Relations was holding its sixth conference, with a view to considering the changing balance of forces in the Pacific and the possibilities of peaceful adjustment. Shut in by the granite walls of the beautiful Yosemite Valley, where tame bears lie down with domesticated deer and even man cannot kill, one hundred and fifty delegates from eleven Pacific powers met together for a fortnight to exchange ideas and to seek solutions. For all the apparent effect it will have upon contemporary events, such a conference might just as well not have occurred.

It would be quite wrong, however, and quite silly, to attempt to measure the value of the I.P.R. meetings by their effect upon political developments. The conference represents individuals, not governments. It does not aim to conclude a treaty or even to arrive at group decisions. It operates on the belief that a periodic discussion of Pacific problems, by experts and others interested in international affairs, is valuable in itself. As a source of reliable information upon the matters it deals with, its various publications are unsurpassed. This conference brought together men and women of every social viewpoint. Conservatives and trade-unionists, like the bears and the deer, gazed wonderingly but amicably at one another. No question escaped analysis by both left and right wing opinion. Even if such a meeting does no more than prepare the ground for the next World Peace Conference it will not have wasted its time. A little more thinking of this kind before the Treaty of Versailles would not have been amiss.

The agenda for the conference had been well planned in one essential respect. It was designed to bring out the close relationship between domestic and foreign policy. The conference did not start by discussing American or Japanese foreign policy in the abstract. It began by discussing the internal economic situation in Japan and the United States, and on the basis of this analysis it then proceeded to consider the existing foreign policies and their possible changes. The external relations of the powers were thus seen as the product of their domestic developments. Internal policies being chiefly concerned with economic matters, this meant that the delegates, no doubt unconsciously for the most part, were engaged in the economic interpretation of contemporary history. "Foreign policy", Karl Radek once wrote before his fall from grace, "is a function of domestic policy". This was abundantly clear at Yosemite.

Because of this correct approach, the discussions at Yosemite revealed to the writer at least that the problems of the Pacific were simply the internal problems of the various Pacific powers. The Soviet

Union is not a threat to peace in the Pacific. She seeks no extension of territory, and does not upset world markets by dumping goods abroad which she cannot sell at home. Why? Because she has changed the nature of her internal economy. Under the Czarist Empire, Russia pushed east and south, exported goods and people, and showed all the familiar symptoms of unregulated capitalism. Today her prime concern is the raising of her internal standard of living and the material and cultural development of the masses in whose interest the government functions. Hence she needs peace and not war. Many delegates at Yosemite feared this was a purely temporary condition; it is arguable, of course, that a new policy will prevail, but there seems no likelihood of it within the next decade or so.

CONTRAST the situation in Japan. For centuries she did not expand beyond her islands. She was a peaceful power. Then Admiral Perry opened her to western capitalism, and immediately the expanding process begins. Japan today is adopting the typical capitalist and imperialist methods, with some oriental trimmings, for the solution of her difficulties. She is not bending every energy to raising the standard of living of her depressed classes, for the principal reason that the decisions as to how the national income shall be spent or invested are made by men who see bigger profits in foreign expansion than they do in internal reconstruction. For the same reason the savings of many Canadians, badly needed for domestic development in Canada, have been sent to build street car lines in Barcelona and Mexico City. Japan will not be an influence for peace until she sets about the task of securing social justice internally: i.e. until she vastly modifies her whole internal economy. This she shows no sign of doing at the moment.

In China, the development of a native capitalism has not proceeded far enough to push the country into foreign expansion. She is chiefly concerned at present in trying to defend herself from Japanese imperialism on the one hand and Communist growth on the other. But Chiang Kai Shek leans chiefly upon bankers, industrialists, landowners and merchants, and therefore cannot embark upon a policy of internal reconstruction sufficiently thorough to eliminate the discontent upon which communism feeds. There is, however, far more vocal liberalism alive in China than there appears to be in Japan, and progressive forces are constantly pushing the Chinese reconstruction movement in the direction of agrarian and other reforms. Whether this pressure will drive the government ultimately to the extent of a united front with the Communists (who have considerably liberalized their own programme recently) or whether it will be deflected into more Fascist channels, is a question that hangs in the balance. China's foreign policy, like that of Japan and the Soviet Union, will depend upon the method she adopts in the solution of her own economic problems.

These impressions, of course, are purely per-

sonal, for it has been pointed out that the I.P.R. as such has no opinions. Nevertheless, however much other individuals would differ in their interpretation of past events, it is probably true to say that as regards the immediate future in the Pacific there was a fairly pessimistic agreement on the following points: The balance of power has radically changed since the Washington treaties; the U.S.S.R. is a new major power in the Pacific, and there is a totally new situation in Manchuria and North China. All likelihood of a new regional security system is destroyed by the preoccupation of western powers with European affairs, by their inability to apply effective sanctions at so remote a distance, and by their refusal to recognize Manchukuo, without which Japan will not enter a new arrangement. The Pacific, in other words, is and for some indefinite time will be left to its own devices. The only power capable of restraining Japan is the Soviet Union. War between her and Japan is unlikely, short of some utterly stupid move on the part of the Japanese militarists, for the reason that the Soviet Union has nothing to gain by it and Japan has too much to lose. Japan's chance of seizing the Eastern Siberian provinces has gone, for the Soviet forces in that area now number about 280,000, with full air and submarine assistance. It is improbable, however, that Moscow will assume the role of Chinese guardian; Soviet troops will not interfere with Japanese expansion in North China so long as it stops short of the existing frontiers of Siberia and Outer Mongolia.

CHINA is thus left to face Japan alone. Little help can be expected of western powers, even financial, until Europe is pacified. At present there is no government in China capable of withstanding Japanese aggression, though the resistance is hardening. Hence Japan has, and knows she has, an utterly free hand on the Asiatic mainland. Her outward expansion is a resultant of her internal social and economic system; her militarists, rationalizing the need for economic outlets, are busily expounding familiar theories of national destiny and a cultural mission. They are likely to perpetuate the state of insecurity and to push expansion until Japan's internal conflicts call a halt. Sooner or later imperialist expansion brings its own destruction, and the demands of Japan's suffering peasantry and depressed workers for a better life will not forever be satisfied with foreign conquest. When those demands are voiced strongly enough the situation in the Far East will change again, but no lasting peace can be secured until the present social instability is overcome.

There were more encouraging views put forward by those perpetual optimists, the free traders. If only other nations would agree with Japan on an adequate quota system for Japanese exports, and if only all restrictions on Japanese access to raw materials were removed, then Japanese trade would expand normally and advantageously to all. The economic pressure in Japan would be relieved and she would find peaceful commerce more profitable than armed aggression. This is no doubt true, and were such practices to be adopted the tension in the Pacific would undoubtedly be eased. But the weakness in this proposal is that, apart from the unlikelihood of its adoption, it leaves untouched the funda-

mental causes of economic conflict. Quota systems would regulate the rate of Japanese trade expansion, but they would do little to improve the internal situation in Japan. Under any economic system Japan will have to export heavily, but a more liberal régime aiming at internal reconstruction will alone make possible a lasting solution.

AS far as Canada's interest in Pacific problems is concerned, the Yosemite conference probably added little to what has already been said and written in this country. The interest is sufficiently clear. Peace is becoming more and more indivisible in the modern world, and the Pacific area might well prove to be the Balkans of the next European war. Any conflict between Japan and the United States would involve grave difficulties on Canada's Pacific coast. This possibility, though apparently remote, can never be overlooked. Canadian foreign policy, while primarily concerned with the United States and with Europe, must pay constant attention to developments in the Far East. For this reason the Institute of Pacific Relations provides a valuable agency for the stimulation of public interest in this critical centre of world affairs.

The Raven Himself Is Hoarse

Why should I split my beak to croak hard rhyme?
All Canada is a crèche of chirpling birds.
Flickering flittering flutering songs without words
From Morn to Midnight, Evensong to Prime.
The woods are riddled with the cheezy chime;
Harmonious octaves, handsome fifths and thirds
Ring tingling in, crinkling the nerves to curds,
And deave the daft ears of our harassed time.

Ye pretty bird-wits, prattling in the twigs,
At each twig's end an Infinite Ecstacy
Bobbling and bouncing—twee—twee-twee—twee—
twee—
Pox on your pipings! Listen to the pigs.
Four feet on earth, they stalk their sober way
And speak, when they have found a thing to say.

JOHN SMALACOMBE.

Wet Evening with Street Cars

Vague fat red cars
down the shifting street
spark and wobble
on growling feet;
and greasy clouds
snakily tie
hoarse leaden knots
on the rat-furred sky.

—L.A.M.



Oregon Trail---1936

G. CAMPBELL McINNES

AS a boy in Sydney I accepted the Harbor's unsurpassed beauty as axiomatic. "Yes, yes," seasoned travellers (all Australian) used to say, "possibly Rio, conceivably Auckland, but after all, you can't beat the Harbor." But you can. For the stretch of water which includes Puget Sound, the Gulf of Georgia and the Strait of Juan de Fuca has given to both Vancouver and Seattle harbors whose magic takes away one's breath.

However, both cities have perforce tended to destroy what Nature created, and have covered their respective terrains with the filth and smoke which industrial development brings in its train. Not that this is noticeable in the large. From the depths of lower Hastings Street, or from the base of the appalling L. C. Smith tower, one might question the existence of God. Not so when Vancouver is viewed from the top of Grouse Mountain, or Seattle from across the Sound. Though the cities' robot cackle drifts out over the water, and both the plains of the former, and the latter's seven hills are strewn with gimcrack buildings, their broad outline is still magnificent.

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Vancouver in the midst of its Jubilee was not as exciting as Seattle in the midst of its Shriners' Convention. At the C.P.R. station a band, complete with red coats, met the daily train from the East, "moderne" pillars decorated the streets, there were pageants in Stanley Park, a show—carefully staged—in Chinatown, and each shop window welcomed you. Yet the difference between the city and Toronto's Yonge Street at Exhibition time was not so very great, unless you went down to the docks and the lower town, or looked up at the mountains. And Vancouver comes nearer to being a real city than any other town west of Montreal. Montreal, of course, is a real city.

On the other hand, whether it lacks our national failing of doing things slightly off key, or because of its faster tempo, common to most American cities, Seattle roared, while Vancouver only rattled. And there is a difference.

* * *

Volunteer Park crowns one of Seattle's seven hills, up some of which you must be pulled by ster-torous little cable cars, and at its crest stands the Seattle Art Museum. It is a gallery director's dream come true; everything new and shiny and in the best of taste. At the entrance, two early Ming stone camels stare with unseeing eyes across the Sound to the Olympic Mountains. The eternal surveying the infinite. Below, the city's roar billows gently upward, and the newsboys are shouting, "P-I, P-I, here's the P-I."

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The Hearst guns are blazing away at the Roosevelt battlements in fine style. In "Republican" Oregon, the Portland Oregonian delivers stiff Republican rebukes to the New Deal, but Hearst is joyous, malignant, viperish. From Seattle to Chicago and beyond, his 68 papers trumpet:

* * *

In 1932 Roosevelt said . . .

BUT TODAY . . .

**Only 63 more days remain in which to save America.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT IT?**

VOTE AMERICAN.

But alas for Hearst. The lower income brackets, representing probably 75% of the voters, are firmly convinced that Landon is the tool of the Big Shots. And the street car rider, glancing up from his evening Post-Intelligencer, or whatever it may be, sees pneumatic drills and caterpillar cranes at work, and over all the legend:

PWA PROJECT No. 627.

**Giving employment to 302 Americans in
Fayette County.**

A new form of peaceful penetration.

* * *

At Portland the Fleet was in. Truculent gobs with greased hair and undulating swagger paced the streets, ogled the girls, lounged at bars cynically commenting on the entertainments which had been arranged for them—entertainments of a tawdry magnificence. Some were swept in carloads through the fertile fields of the Willamette Valley, making a great deal of noise.

Like a Salvation Army meeting or a circus parade, the boats attracted great attention. Visitors climbed all over "our defence greyhounds of the Pacific, sleek and purposeful for the preservation of peace", scratched off the grey paint, secreted souvenirs about their persons. Hot dog stands arose like mushrooms round the docks, and everyone enjoyed themselves. Politics seemed very far away.

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The fortunate inhabitants of the Pacific Northwest enjoy their small, rich kingdom by virtue of the mountain bastions by which it is surrounded. In the midst of lush fields, clear streams, wooded hills and prosperous little towns, it is hard to realize how precarious is their hold, how thin the wedge of country they occupy; difficult to think of the ethereal snow-covered cones of Mt. Baker, Mt. Rainier and Mt. Hood as their eastern guardians.

To the west the endless Pacific thunders on the long rocky coast, its icy waters causing, in summer, a perpetual fog to hover over the sand. To the east the Great American Desert, high, hot and bare, presses heavily against the Cascades.

The old Oregon Trail follows the Columbia as it cuts through the mountains, and emerges with surprising suddenness above the Dalles on to the hard, bone-dry uplands of Eastern Oregon. The river has coaxed little strips of fertile ground from the hinterland, and the soil is protected against the desiccating winds that blow down the funnel of the Columbia Gorge, by tight rows of slim Lombardy poplars. But above and beyond, wave on wave, stretches the desert. No bright colors and fantastic shapes as in Arizona and New Mexico, but miles and miles of

purple-grey sage brush, and yellowy brown earth, baked hard by centuries of blistering heat and dry penetrating winds.

Nothing man-made seems part of this vast emptiness; it was just set down in the pious hope that it would not be obliterated by the surging infinity around it. The lonely frame house is like a stick which, bent in the rush of flood waters, yet marks the existence of some hidden rock.

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Boisé. Nothing can describe its infinite desolation. That one has moved over a vast, changeless void, swept bare and clean as a sun-dried skeleton, to come to this small town with its ludicrous Washingtonian Capitol, seems to accentuate its defiant isolation. And by western standards Boisé is a big city. In the 900 miles between Portland and Salt Lake City, it is the only town of over 10,000 population. Like a new born baby whose head is too large for its small body, the Capitol gives to Boisé a faintly ridiculous air. That Washington should be aped in Winnipeg, Edmonton, Denver and DesMoines seems a pity, but in Boisé it provokes an insane laughter. Here, as in Utah, silver is the great problem of the day, and John D. Hamilton, in his frenetic Far Western trip, contradicted himself half a dozen times to assure the people that, though the Republicans were implacably opposed to Roosevelt's policy, they would get round the silver question—somehow.

* * *

Spitting is dangerous, disgusting, illegal. Fine \$20.00.

Such notices endear one to Salt Lake City. Even a slattern would be welcome after the long desert ride, but Salt Lake City is a queen; queen, though a very material one, of the New Israel.

A day's travel in the almost insupportable heat, punctuated with oven-like gusts of almost visible form, brings you at sundown to the range of baked and striated mountains you have been expecting to reach since noon. Once through their passes, eden greets you—a carpet of brilliant green, dotted with trees, houses, farms and orchards—a sudden irruption of man and providence, linked in successful battle against the wilderness.

Away to the West the Great Salt Lake reflects in its smooth and oily waters the most violent desert sunsets. Beneath the angry onslaught, the country changes as swiftly and subtly as a newly developed negative. Like a backdrop painted by an enthusiastic but unskilled hand, flaming reds, shrieking oranges, intense pale greens and deep purples flood the sky with a beauty that is brittle and evanescent, but bring with them the cool night breeze.

On Temple Street the Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institute greets you with a simper. But to suppose that the ZCMI confers on the inhabitants of Salt Lake City the advantages of a consumer co-operative is to misunderstand the rigid sectarianism of the Mormon. They made the desert bloom—for Mormons. Though the U.S. government stopped persecution forty years ago, the plums are reserved for the Faithful. The land is owned by the Church and a sort of indirect tithe system exists. Nor may the outsider visit the temple, though he may, in the Tabernacle, listen to a Bach fugue exquisitely

played on an organ, beneath the largest unsupported roof in the world.

As Anglo-India is to England, so is Salt Lake City to America—a slightly exaggerated microcosm. American qualities and drawbacks are here overstressed. True, you musn't spit, the streets are clean and wide, they use trolley buses instead of street cars, and the gutters flow with pure mountain water; but neither are there cultural amenities nor much of the milk of human kindness. Though modern transport annihilates distance, Salt Lake City still feels its isolation. No town of remotely comparable size exists within 500 miles of it. Across the mountains to the east lies Denver, 900 miles to the N.W. is Portland, 750 miles to the S.W. is San Francisco. And there is always the desert with its burning air and cool breezes, the ageless and sun-battered mountains, and the lake, slowly receding till, to reach its fantastically buoyant waters, one has to chug out over blinding salt flats on a light railway that yearly adds to its own length.

* * *

Between Laramie and Cheyenne you are on the roof of the world. Though at 9,000 feet the country is still flattish, the sky seems nearer and the wind is terrific. Along the nearby railroad a ponderous U.P. freight makes heavy work of the grade, with two locomotives. But it is only when the descent into the Platte Valley begins that you realize how high you have been. Behind, the Rockies form an impenetrable and jagged wall; before lies the way to the drought belt, and politics, swept away by the mountain air, become once again all pervasive.

In the mountains, army manoeuvres excited little comment, but on the plains every blade of sun scorched grass is taken as proof either of the evil of the crop restriction clauses of the AAA, or of the misuse of Federal drought funds to balance the Landon, and other budgets.

Ahead lies the road to Chicago and Colonel Knox, but the man beside me, voicing the thoughts of millions of his countrymen, says, "Roosevelt pulls the country out of the red. What happens? Why as soon as things are coming along all right, the big shots want us to shoot him in the pants. It don't make sense."

SUMMER NIGHT

Sometimes, over the wall, that stifling breeze
Gropes from the fen;
On the black sky the ragged limp-crowned trees
Stir now and then.
The slender fountain-jet falters and sinks
In the tepid pool;
The bird-notes from the dusty thorn, one thinks,
Sound almost cool.
The tinkling bird-song in the thorn-bush stops,
The far cool stars are gone.
Sudden, panting, over the harsh house-tops
Stares the hot dawn.

—L.A.M.



FIVE O'CLOCK ... by Pegi Nicol



Propaganda In Your Eye

DONALD W. BUCHANAN

IN many countries today censorship boards and foreign offices are trying with blind rigidity to keep all reference to what they term "controversial" subjects out of motion picture productions. We know that the negative of the film "The Devil Is a Woman" had to be destroyed by Paramount because the right-wing government, which was then in power in Spain, objected to the way in which in that picture a Spanish guards officer was allowed to mingle in free and vulgar companionship with lowly commoners. We have also seen quoted the recent decision of the censors in Great Britain that, in a section of the interpretative news-reel, "The March of Time", relating to armament investigations, "all references to Sir Basil Zaharoff, British firms, the International Rail Workers' Association and remarks by Mr. Nye must be deleted".

But when Paul Rotha, one of the better known of the younger English motion picture directors, wrote a book last year entitled "Documentary Film", he based his description of the film as an art on a phrase from Mayerhold, "Art cannot be non-political". Rotha was concerned less with the attempts of government officials to prevent free-speech in the cinema than with the activity of those film directors who are producing pictures that have, indirectly at least, a propagandist bias towards social change and industrial amelioration. The expression "documentary film", by the way, was first used to describe Robert Flaherty's "Moana", a film about the South Seas, which made "drama in the living fact". The depictions Flaherty has created of primitive peoples have, however, always been idyllic, while the later documentary films produced in Russia, Germany and Great Britain tend to be more fraught with social intention.

One can describe half a hundred examples of such films made by Europeans in recent years. They range from "Cloistered", which is a detailed description of the religious ceremonies and the daily tasks of nuns in a great convent at Angers, France, photographed with pious accuracy by Robert Alexandre, to "Turksib", in which, by means of an almost musical progress of images, Victor Turin outlined the story of the building of the Turkestan-Siberian railway by the Soviet government. They include, from England, many items dealing with public services, such as the British Post Office and the British Broadcasting Corporation, produced by a film unit under John Grierson in London, also Rotha's own creations, such as "The Face of Britain", a film of the natural and scientific planning of Britain with reference to the respective power of coal and electricity.

In Canada we need to see more documentary films if we are to understand properly their power and their meaning. So far, few Canadians have viewed any of them, but the National Film Society of Canada, which already has four branches in the principal cities of the Dominion, is prepared to import some selected examples.

THE United States Resettlement Administration, for instance, have made excellent use of the film as a vehicle for education and propaganda.

Their picture, "The Plow That Broke the Plains", will be on the programs of the National Film Society in November. This film outlines the story of the prairie from primitive days when it was an unbroken expanse of waving grass to the present unhappy era when many of its once fertile regions have become deserts of dust and shifting soil. It is an accurate portrayal of agricultural tragedy in the west. "It is a moving message", states Henry A. Wallace, United States Secretary of Agriculture, "of what has happened where farmers, encouraged by their government, plowed lands which never should have been taken out of grass".

"A treeless, wind-swept continent of grass . . . a country of high winds and sun . . . with little rain . . ." so runs the voice of the commentator as this film opens. But the commentator does not have to speak often. The scenes, photographed with an unerring eye for beauty and composition by Ralph Steiner and Paul Strand, tell the story, while the music written for the film by the distinguished American composer, Virgil Thompson, gives deep expression to the tragedy.

Came the cattle—"fortunes in beef". Came the homesteaders—"one hundred and sixty acres of government land". Then arrives the war, and the deeper meaning of the film, "Land syndicates, speculation, combines harvesting the wheat; then we really plowed the plains". In 1923 the European markets began to disappear and speculation collapsed. A cycle of drought arrived. The voice continues, "A country with little rain . . . But this time no grass held the moisture against the winds and sun . . . This time millions of plowed acres lay open to the sun".

We, too, in Canada have seen the dust storms; we, too, have seen the abandoned farms. What we have not seen in Canada is a Resettlement Administration established on a truly ambitious scale to take title to damaged prairie land in order to retire it from use until the grass has had a chance to come back, when it will be returned to natural use and leased for restricted grazing purposes.

ONE can readily understand how the presentation of this film will help Canadians to appreciate the plight of their own drought areas. Yet, outside of film societies, this picture is not likely to be shown generally in Canada, for the larger Hollywood distributors, who control most of the film exchanges in both Canada and the United States, boycotted "The Plow That Broke the Plains", as soon as it was released from Washington last spring. Why they did so, what it is they fear most, government competition or the mere circulation of frank and outspoken documentary pictures, you must judge for yourself. But certainly by refusing to circulate such films they are going to force the development of a non-theatrical market for them, in the same way as the refusal of the British distributors to show the public service films produced by Grierson's unit in London, has resulted in the growing up of a special audience of millions outside the regular cinema houses in Great Britain.



A. E. Housman: A Dissection

J. MARKOWITZ, M.D.

HOUSMAN'S poems possess a certain hardness that is characteristic of great art; there is a timelessness about them that makes them classical. They are simple; they are sensuous; they are passionate. They surprise one by their fine excess. The words are plain, the rhyme true, the versification ordinary, and the effects absolutely overwhelming:

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

The subject matter of the poems is as old as the hills but cannot be rendered into prose: Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. . . . What must a man do to be saved? . . . Which man has his desire or having it, is satisfied? . . . The paths of glory lead but to the grave. . . . Indeed the poems are obsessed with the inevitability of death, the grimdest of all life's ironies; and, paradoxically enough, in a few lyrics suicide is extolled. To be or not to be is again the question: whether to take up arms against a sea of troubles or to make a quietus with a bare bodkin. Even the Carpenter's Son is made to regret His career and to bemoan His final sacrifice on the Cross:

Oh, at home had I but stayed
'Prenticed to my father's trade,
Had I stuck to plane and adze,
I had not been lost, my lads.

Then I might have built perhaps
Gallows-trees for other chaps,
Never dangled on my own,
Had I but left ill alone. . . .

Not one that has a heart can read these poems and remain unmoved. Their beauty is such as to bring tears to the eyes. It is a peculiarity of poetic art that its emotional appeal is not to be described by the language of prose, and even Housman's poems when done into prose are maudlin and cold.

To Housman, poetry seemed a physical rather than an intellectual product; it was a bodily reaction like shivering. Experience had taught him that when a line of poetry strayed into his thoughts (as during shaving) the skin bristled, and a quiver went down his spine; tears came to the eyes, and a stabbing feeling went through the pit of his stomach—through the solar plexus as he believed. Or as he walked after luncheon (during which he had drunk a pint of beer) if a few lines of verse flowed into his mind there was a sudden unaccountable emotion; and perhaps a little later during his walk another ebullition of verse would well up from the pit of his stomach. All this is important in the light of what is believed to be the physiology of the emotions. According to James and Lange an emotion is a change in the body and in the viscera, of which change the person becomes aware. To avoid polemics we can at least confine ourselves to the state-

ment (which all agree to) that every emotion has, as an essential accompaniment, a bodily change: in the skin, the throat, the heart, the muscles, the stomach, etc. Physiologically speaking, poetic emotion is merely profound emotion which has become articulate. And when Housman regarded poetry as physical rather than intellectual, he spoke like an oracle for science. When a few stray words that are strung together move us in a certain manner, we call them poetry.

Housman wisely remarks that "they find their way to something in man which is obscure and latent, something older than the present organization of his nature, like the patches of fen which linger here and there in the drained lands of Cambridgeshire". This reminds us that the thinking apparatus of man consists of two brains: an old brain and a new brain, which has developed around the old brain and largely superseded it in size and importance. The old brain is more important in such lower forms of life as birds and tigers. Even in the human foetus the old brain is relatively more prominent than the new brain. Housman implies that perhaps the seat of poetical emotion is in the foolish, old, emotional brain and not the new, critical, cerebral cortex. Tigers and birds in their own way should be great poets, and the terrible senseless rage of a decerebrated cat might result in overwhelming invective if it could find utterance. Language, as pointed out by Macaulay, in its primitive state is poetical; in its long-established and (if you will) civilized state is philosophical, and fit for more precise usage. Primitive language makes greater use of a more primitive brain, modern language depends more on the new cerebral cortex; more useful but less emotive. In its brief way the growth of a language recapitulates the history of the animal's central nervous system. The cerebrum of man, in fact, consists of two parts, in a way as distinct from each other as if they were housed in separate skulls but acting on the body in partnership. The sentimental old foolish brain makes us laugh, sing, dance, cry and get furious. It was a good brain for the work it had to do aeons ago. The new brain does arithmetic and is hard-boiled. The oracle of poetry speaks to the former; that of prose, if it is an oracle, addresses the latter.

It is obvious, therefore, that poetry is essentially "not the thing said, but how it is said". School teachers are wrong to ask children to paraphrase poems into prose. Consider the following:

I took my question to the shrine that has not ceased from speaking,

The heart within, that tells the truth and tells it twice as plain;

And from the cave of oracles I heard the priestess shrieking

That she and I should surely die and never live again.

Oh priestess, what you cry is clear, and sound good sense I think it;

But let the screaming echoes rest, and froth your

mouth no more.

'Tis true there's better boose than brine, but he that
drowns must drink it:
And oh, my lass, the news is news that men have
heard before.

Such verses dare not be transposed into prose
and when, for example, a school-teacher asks a child
to paraphrase Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar", she
should be sent to bed without her supper. The fol-
lowing stanzas have no emotional value except in
their original superb poetical form.

Shot? so quick, so clean an ending?
Oh that was right, lad, that was brave:
Yours was not an ill for mending,
'Twas best to take it to the grave.

Oh you had forethought, you could reason,
And saw your road and where it led,
And early wise and brave in season
Put the pistol to your head.

The Englishman is a reserved fellow. Although he has changed a good deal from the type of Lord Chesterfield, who believed that no gentleman ever laughs, he still considers it bad form to display untoward vivacity or great emotion. An Englishman, for example, does not kiss his father good-bye, but shakes hands; and an Englishman does not weep at a funeral. English school-boys are taught early to take a caning like a man, without blubbering. Englishmen rejoice quietly, unlike their American cousins. It seems, however, as if the pent-up feelings of a people must pop-off somehow and the latent emotionalism of the Englishman is displayed in the great abundance of his poetry. Here there is no tradition for restraint; he writes as he feels and as he pleases. Such must have been the case for A. E. Housman. Moody, quiet, taciturn, "moping, melancholy, mad",

With the mortal illness of a mind,
Too unhappy to be kind,

almost soulless in his relationship to those about him, he created poems that leave one speechless with their intensity of feeling:

As through the wild green hills of Wyre
The train ran, changing sky and shire,
And far behind, a fading crest,
Low in the forsaken west
Sank the high-reared head of Clee,
My hand lay empty on my knee.
Aching on my knee it lay:
That morning half a shire away
So many an honest fellow's fist
Had well-nigh wrung it from the wrist.
Hand, said I, since now we part
From fields and men we know by heart,
From strangers' faces, strangers' lands,—
Hand, you have held true fellows' hands.
Be clean then; rot before you do
A thing they'd not believe of you.
You and I must keep from shame
In London streets the Shropshire name:
On banks of Thames they must not say
Severn breeds worse men than they;
And friends abroad must bear in mind
Friends at home they leave behind.

Oh, I shall be stiff and cold
When I forget you, hearts of gold;
The land where I shall mind you not
Is the land where all's forgot. . . .

Or again:

If truth in hearts that perish
Could move the powers on high,
I think the love I bear you
Should make you not to die.

This is the love of Damon for Pythias; of David for Jonathan; of the Rev. Dr. Salem Bland for humanity. It is moving; it is unselfish, and it is sexless. But the love of man for woman, Housman understood poorly. His conceptions of the intimacy between men and women were vulgarly adolescent. As judged by his poems and by his failure to marry, there must have been some peculiar sexual quirk in his make-up. He could understand it when Nancy and Tom, or Fan and Dick paired off to dance while he fluted, but of happier intimacy than this he could not conceive: as he describes it there is always something seriously amiss when men and women love: either fighting, or quarrelling, or killing, or crude seduction or "fear contending with desire", or desertion to join the army; and over all is the grim foreboding of death as the end of all love-making. His obsessive treatment of sex as if it were a degradation to be rebelled against, suggests a psychopathic temperament:

The fairies break their dances
And leave the printed lawn,
And up from India glances
The silver sail of dawn.

The candles burn their sockets,
The blinds let through the day,
The young man feels his pockets
And wonders what's to pay.

Or again:

The sloe was lost in flower,
The April elm was dim;
That was the lover's hour,
The hour for lies and him.

If thorns are all the bower,
If north winds freeze the fir,
Why, 'tis another's hour,
The hour for truth and her.

ENGLISH letters would be much poorer if we de-
leted the contributions of insane genius. Al-
though the biography of Housman is yet to be
written, the flyleaf of his "Last Poems" contains a
revealing foreword:

I publish these poems, few though they are, because it is not likely that I shall ever be impelled to write much more. I can no longer expect to be revisited by the continuous excitement under which in the early months of 1895 I wrote the greater part of my other book, nor indeed could I well sustain it if it came; and it is best that what I have written should be printed while I am here to see it through the press and control its spelling and punctuation. About a quarter of this matter belongs to the April of the present year, but most of it to dates between 1895 and 1910.

This is the story of manic-depressive psychosis, otherwise known as circular insanity. It is a story of periodic exaltation, periodic depression or a periodic attack of excitement that is followed by melancholia. Housman probably had the unusual variety characterized by depressive excitement, in which restlessness is coupled with despondency. Such patients talk continuously, but always about the same thing; they flagellate themselves and those about them with the same old complaints, the same hypochondriacal ideas, couched in the same phraseology. Consider, for example, the last lines of some of the opening lyrics in "Last Poems".

So here are things to think on
That ought to make me brave,
As I strap on for fighting
My sword that will not save.

O Queen of air and darkness,
I think 'tis truth you say,
And I shall die to-morrow;
But you will die to-day.

And low is the roof, but it covers
A sleeper content to repose;
And far from his friends and his lovers
He lies with the sweetheart he chose.

And down the distance they
With dying note and swelling
Walk the resounding way
To the still dwelling.

When Collins wrote his peerless Odes, he was clinically insane. Although insanity affects judgment and conduct, it is often accompanied by flightive ideas, emotional exaltation, and a capacity for bouts of sustained effort; all of which may result in the rapid creation of great verse (such as the first two cantos of Childe Harold). Let it be clearly understood, therefore, that if Housman were mildly insane, his condition, far from being an impediment, was an asset to his poetic genius, and he is in the immortal company of dozens like him.

Housman's classical training may, therefore, not be responsible for the so-called classical perfection of his lyrics.

WHY do Housman's embittered poems give so much delight? Housman himself likened them on the one hand to immunization against venom by taking progressively increasing doses of poison, and on the other hand to drunkenness produced by ale, a bitter but pleasant brew. For example: in the preparation of antitoxin for various infections, or for snake bites, horses are repeatedly injected with small quantities of bacterial poisons, or snake venom. The doses are progressively increased until one animal is able to withstand without harm enormous amounts of poison, one dose of which would be enough to kill thousands of non-immune animals. At this stage the blood of the inoculated horse is rich in a protective substance (antitoxin) that can be easily injected into human beings to defend them against the corresponding ailment. Such a procedure of immunizing animals is often referred to as the Mithridatic method. According to the ancient legend, Mithridates, an Orien-

tal sovereign who lived in constant fear of assassination, gathered all the known poisons and partook of them in progressively increasing quantities to make himself immune to regicidal poisoning:

He gathered all that springs to birth
From the many-venomed earth;
First a little, thence no more,
He sampled all her killing store;
And easy, smiling, seasoned sound,
Sate the king when healths went round.
They put arsenic in his meat
And stared aghast to watch him eat;
They poured strichnine in his cup
And shook, to see him drink it up:
They shook, they stared as white's their shirt.
Them it was their poison hurt.
—I tell the tale that I heard told.
Mithridates, he died old.

The Housman theory of tragedy (namely that it acts by Mithridatization of humans to troubles, albeit harmlessly presented by the writer) may be neat poetic fancy; simple introspection will reject it as an adequate explanation for the artistic effects of tragedy. A better analogy given by Housman is that great art, including the art of tragedy, produces an intoxication in the reader, like that brought on by heavy ale:

'Tis true the stuff I bring for sale
Is not so brisk a brew as ale:
Out of a stem that scored the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.
But take it: if the smack is sour,
The better for the embittered hour;
It should do good to heart and head
When your soul is in my soul's stead;
And I will friend you, if I may,
In the dark and cloudy day.

Verse like this is heady; and with this comment we shall leave the discussion as to why the tragic muse is loved by men; which is about as wise as that of Molière's candidate for an M.D. degree, who, when asked why opium put people to sleep, replied "because it had soporific virtues", for which he was granted an M.D. magna cum laude. The basic emotions of mankind either are instinctive or are incapable of adequate psychological analysis in terms of mechanism: the psychology of the tragic muse, of laughter, of love, of parental care, of ambition, of bravery, will forever be mysterious because it is not possible for the human brain to put itself on a plate and dissect itself. (It is as conceivable for a clock to speak and tell the world how the wheels go round).

Housman's poems make good reading any time, especially if you are tired, or depressed. They will make you to lie down in green pastures, they will lead you beside still waters. They will restore your soul. They will prepare a table before you (yea, we must say this) in the presence of your enemies. If you read them often, so that they sing themselves into your memory, goodness and mercy will follow you all the days of your life, and you will be marked for ever.

Another Man's Poison

L. A. MacKAY

WELL, Friday night a bunch of us goes down to get Bill to come over to Listowel and bowl. He's sitting on the front steps, sort of frowning at the flower-beds, and smoking and chewing and spitting away like a good fellow. So we hollers at him to come on over to Listowel and give us a hand, and he gets up looking kind of sorrowful, and come down to the gate and says,

"No use, boys. The old woman says I got to water them flowers tonight if it's the last thing I do. Just because I was down to the Ex. last Tuesday, she thinks I'd ought to stay home the rest of the month."

Then somebody says, "I hear you had a big time down there, Bill."

And Bill says, "Well sir, by golly"—you know the way he does—"well sir, by golly, I never had so much fun in all my born days."

And somebody else says, "You was in swell company anyway, Bill, if that counts for anything. How come you took that old bum of a Jim Elgar down with you anyway?"

Then Bill gets going. "Well," he says, "you know how it is. The old woman's always sending him over something, the last of a batch of biscuits, or the like, when they get dried out; and something she said, he gathered I was going down. So when he come over next day for his pail of buttermilk, like we always give him when we churn, he says sort of casual,

"I hear you're going down to the Toronto Exhibition, Bill."

"Well," I says, "that's once you didn't hear no lie."

"Don't happen to have any more room in your car, do you?" he says.

"Sure I have," I says. "There's only Charlie and Ern coming. Want to hold down the back seat?"

"Don't mind if I do," he says. "I aint never been to the Ex., and I don't figure maybe I'll get many more chances."

"You got a brother in Toronto, aint you?" I says. "Why don't you go down and stay with him for a couple of days?"

"Fat chance of that," he says, "even supposing he's alive. I aint heard from him in four years. I aint none too anxious for the hospitality he'd give me anyway."

"I guess he aint doing so well, eh," says I, "from all I've heard."

"If he's got the brains of a jackrabbit," says Jim, "which I don't imagine he has, he'll be in jail now and getting a square meal for a change. He didn't have no job, nor no money, nor no nothing, the last I heard, and didn't seem likely to get none."

"Well, we got away about half past five Tuesday morning, and got into Toronto in good time. I says to Charlie—no, I guess it was Ern—

"We don't want to go out to the Ex. just yet, till people gets there. Let's just have a cup of coffee somewhere and drive around a bit till about ten

o'clock. Pity there aint somebody in Toronto we could sponge on."

"Ern says, 'Well, Jim's got a brother, aint he? Let's go and call on him.'

"Let's get the coffee first," says Jim, "and then maybe we'll be able to stand the shock."

"So we went into one of them Chinese places and had a cup of what they called coffee, the sort of stuff my old woman wouldn't have give to the pigs. Then we come out, and I says to Jim,

"Well, Jim, where does your brother live? We got lots of time. Might as well be neighborly."

"Hell," says Jim, "if you aint no more anxious to see him than what I am, there's lots better things you could do with your time. Let's go and see the morgue, or something cheerful."

"Now Jim," I says, "that aint no way to talk about your brother, what you come all this way to see. Where's he live?"

"How should I know? Better ask the police. I know the name of the street he was on four years back, but that aint no proof he's there now."

"Moved into a sweller neighbourhood, I guess," says Charlie.

"I don't know what it's like," says Jim, "but you can bet your last pair of boots, if he's moved at all it couldn't be to nowheres worse."

"Well, we got the name of the street out of him, and asked a cop where it was. He looked it up in a little book he had, and looked at us kind of queer, as if he felt like asking us what we was going there for, but I guess he sort of figured it wasn't none of his business anyway, so he told us how to get there, and we went scouting around somewhere down around the railway tracks till we found it.

"Well sir, by golly, you never saw such a dismal looking hole in all your born days. Dirt, you never saw anything like it, and the smells would turn a sow's stomach. It was just a row of shacks leaning every which way and peeling off in all directions, and that road hadn't been fixed since the year One. I tell you I was sorry for my springs. Jim didn't know the number of the house; said it was something like nineteen or fifty-seven, or something like that. The numbers only went up to about eighty, so I said we ought to stop the car and Jim get out and go along the street and try 'em all out.

"I never seen the man yet," says Jim, "that I'd go to all that trouble for, let alone that hound of a Bob. If you've had your fun, what say we turn around and start off for the Ex.? I thought that's what we hired you for, was to take us there."

"Just then, around the end of the street, come an old man in an old ragged pair of overhauls, and a greasy coat and a shirt that looked like it had been sewed on him some time last year, and he'd lost the scissors. He was pushing a sort of barrow thing, with all sorts of paper packages in it. Some of them was unrolled, and it looked to me like he'd been out robbing the garbage cans for his breakfast. After him comes another old chap limping along, mumbling and swearing away through what

was left of his teeth, and cussing the other fellow like a good one because he wouldn't give him nothing out of the barrow.

"Hell's bells," says Jim. "Talk of the devil. There he is."

"Where's who?" says Charlie. "What's biting you now?"

"It's Bob," says Jim, "the wooden-legged old beggar limping along behind the cart. Now aint that a hell of a life for a man's brother to take up with? Sort of makes you proud of your family, don't it?"

"Then he yells out, 'Hello Bob, how's pickings?'

"Bob, he didn't answer, sort of looked round dazed, as if he thought he was hearing things. Then he come over to the car and, not knowing any of the rest of us, he looks sort of doubtful, and says,

"Was it me you was wanting?"

"IM, he leans over then and says, 'Hello Bob, are you so stuck up with living in the city that you don't recognize your own brother?'

"Not when I see him riding in a motor car I don't, not unless you stole it. What's the game?"

"Oh, we was just on our way out to the Exhibition and thought we'd drop in and see how you was getting along. Your business seems to be picking up. Haw, haw."

"Gee, you're smart, aint you?"

"I'm too damn smart to live in a hole like this, and feed out of other people's garbage pails."

"Well, a man's got to live, aint he? You don't know anything about the sityation here. This here unemployment, it's something fierce. There's thousands of men tramping the streets in this here city looking for work, and can't get it."

"Gosh, that must make you feel bad. Just about breaks your heart, don't it?"

"Yeh, you can laugh all right. You don't know what suffering is."

"No, sure I don't. Never heard of it. What is it? Something you eat?"

"Gosh, you're smart."

"Sure; always did have all the brains of the family. Aint you going to invite us in? Where you living now?"

"Sure, come on in everybody, and have a good time. See that shed in there? Better run the car into the lane where you can keep an eye on it and the police won't spot it."

"He jumps up on the running board, and I runs the car in towards an old shed, with a lot of boxes piled up inside of it.

"This here's the parlor," he says, "the bedroom's over behind them boxes in the corner."

"We all climbed out and sat down on some of the boxes."

"Well," says Jim, "I don't claim to be living in the lap of luxury myself, but I'm damned if I'd put up with the like of this."

"I'd like to see what else you could do here," says Bob. "There's lots of people I know that'd be glad to change places with me."

"How many people are there in this here city?" says Jim.

"I don't know," says Bob. "Well on to a million, I guess."

"You mean to tell me that in just one million

people there's some that's bigger fools and more good-for-nothing than what you are? Gosh, I know less about the world than I thought I did."

"I don't see what you got to be so damn proud about."

"Well, I got a house that'll keep out most of the rain, and I got three meals a day, such as they are, and I can keep myself in chewing tobacco."

"Yeh, living in a one-horse burg that nobody ever heard of but the post-office, and they have to look twice."

"That don't hurt my feelings none. I got a bed to sleep on, and a day's work when I want it, without havin to go scrounging around in garbage cans."

"Yeh, fat lot of work you do. I don't live on my neighbors' charity, anyway. I got some self-respect."

"Sure you have. Slathers of it. Pride and independence, that's you all over. Guess the chap with the wheelbarrow must be one of them neighbors you talk about. Looked like you wouldn't live long on his charity. I'll say this for myself, my neighbors think enough of me to help me out when I ask for it, anyways. Which aint often."

"YEH, I bet they'd help you out. Help you out of town if you give them a chance. Never asked them for a railway ticket, did you? I bet there'd be a public subscription would take you to Vancouver."

"Sure there would, and back again. Look here, Bob, you aint done nothing to deserve it, and I don't see why you should be anything particular to me now anyways, but I won't see no brother of mine living here like a pig, rooting dead cats out of garbage pails, if I can help it. Come on back with me to a decent place. Bill here'll give you a lift, if you got any clothes decent enough to sit down in the car in. Anyway, there's lots of freight trains any day. I aint got much of a place, but it's a damn sight better than this, and you'd never go to sleep on an empty belly anyway. What say? Is it a go?"

"What? Me? After living in the city, go and squat down in a dead-alive hole like that? You must think I'm crazy."

"I think you're crazy if you don't. It's a fair offer. I aint asking you to pay anything. What good's it doing you, staying here?"

"You never can tell. Something might turn up. There aint no future there, nothing ahead of you. You get a day's work now and again, maybe, and where does it get you?"

"It gets me meat and potatoes and chewing-tobacco anyway, and that's a sight more than you got. What do you want with a future at your age, you old fool? You never held a job two weeks in your life."

"No, but the thing is, there aint no life there, everything's dead."

"Gosh, it aint half as dead as this place is, by the smell of it. What the hell do you get by living in the city anyway? Go to the movies every night, and eat in all the swell hotels, don't you?"

"No, it aint that, but there's always something doing, and lots of people about, and things."

"Fat lot of good that does you. And a swell lot of people you hang about with here. Of all the noisy, stinking, rotten holes I ever saw—"

"Oh, you're a hell of a fine guy, you are. Swank-

ing about so damn superior in other people's cars, and living on charity.'

"I'd rather live on charity like a human being than root around like a pig into garbage cans. I make enough anyway that I can offer you charity, you old fool, if you weren't too damn pig-headed to take it."

"Oh shut up, will you, and mind your own damn business. I wouldn't take charity from you, not if I was to drop dead on the street."

"And so you will damn well drop dead on the street before I ever offer you anything again. You aint fit for no decent man even to talk to across the street and up-wind, you stinking, mud-grubbing old—"

"That's as far as he gets, and then the two of them light into it both at once, yelling away at each other as hard as they could peilt. Well sir, by golly, I never heard such language in all my born days as them two old blackguards slung at one another; and I've heard a lot. I can't even remember most of it, but if the old woman wasn't back there I could

give you an earful that'd make your hair curl. If you want to hear something artistic, just you go down some time and say to Jim, 'Well, Jim, I hear you saw your brother down in the city.' And you better take some asbestos plugs along for your ears."

"**W**ELL sir, them two old stagers got so mad that first thing we knew they was going after one another like good fellows, fists and boots flying all over the yard. Charlie and Ern and I couldn't hardly stand up straight for laughing, but we grabbed ahol of them and pulled them apart and shoved Jim into the car; and Ern sat on him and Charlie kept shoving old Bob off the running-board till I got the car going, and then we went off to the Exhibition. I guess we saw pretty near everything there was to be seen, and it was a darn good show too, but there wasn't anything that was a patch on that for fun. Old Jim didn't rightly cool off till we was all the way home; he kept wanting to go back and beat him up. Laugh, I never laughed so much in all my born days."

A Marxist Explains the World

KING GORDON

THE blue music of imperialist antagonism goes round and round and it comes out in WAR. "The cycle is complete. From the devastation of the world war to the attempted restoration of capitalism. From the restoration of capitalism to the devastation of the world economic crisis. From the world economic crisis to rearmament and renewed war. In this cycle the bankruptcy of imperialism is expressed". No book since John Strachey's "Coming Struggle for Power" has portrayed in such stark and candid outline the nemesis of our present economic system as it projects itself into the world of international relations.*

The "technical" logic of a single world order collapses before the historical logic of monopolistic blocs driving towards fiercer and fiercer antagonisms. Into the very structure of collective world security are these antagonisms written. After the Great War the League of Nations guaranteed order in a world redivided by the imperialist powers emerging victorious from the conflict. It was "the coping stone to maintain the order established by the war against new revisionist war or revolutionary change". But no formula of collective peace could exorcise those demoniacal forces boxed up in the ark of the Covenant of peace. To employ a more common metaphor, the group of "reformed burglars organized for the defence of property" soon revealed themselves as a "set of double-crossing gangster kings, engaged in ceaseless internecine conflict over their respective territories and spoils". The imperialist claims of France, Great Britain, and the United States caused so many reservations in the Kellogg Pact of war renunciation that it was possible to march battalions and sail whole fleets

through its loopholes. The League Covenant, the Washington Nine Power Pact, the Kellogg Pact failed to check Japan in her economic-political drive into Manchuria and North China. The same solemn treaties failed to move Great Britain to join with other signatories in collective sanctionary action against her ally. When, however, British prestige and interests in Africa and the Mediterranean were menaced by Mussolini's Ethiopian adventure, Britain became vociferous in her devotion to the solemn obligations of the collective system. France, unfortunately, with one ear to the long-distance phone which rang daily from Rome, and one eye upon England's friendly overtures to a rearming Nazi Germany, was not so enthusiastic in her response to the high moral call for collective action.

The world economic crisis has intensified antagonisms throughout the whole of the imperialist world order. "At the root of the whole process is the increasing war between the expanding productive forces and the restrictive shell of capitalist relationships". But while an aggressive economic nationalism tends to characterize all great powers in the world today, the major antagonisms appear to be focussing in certain specific areas of conflict. Three great Fascist or semi-Fascist powers press forward in their frank determination to re-divide the world. Japan drives relentlessly into Manchuria, Mongolia and North China, coming into conflict with competing economic interests of the great Powers of the West and menacing the eastern frontier of the Soviet Union. Italy has given demonstration of her intention of dominating the Mediterranean area and North Africa; while Germany, in a deliberate policy of remilitarization, gives assurance that she is sincere in her plans for achieving European or world hegemony à la Hitler-Rosenburg-Banse et al. The immediate issue which the forces

*WORLD POLITICS, 1918-1936: R. Palme Dutt; Ryerson-Gollancz; pp. 382. \$1.50.

for collective peace must face is, therefore, how to block the expansion policies of Japan, Italy, and Germany.

The failure of the collective machinery in the past, the hectic pace of rearmament, the fatal antagonisms between even the "peaceful" imperialist Powers tempt one to the defeatist attitude that war is inevitable. In the tragic symphonic scheme of the modern world the one clear motif of hope is sounded by that state which is not confronted with the dilemmas of capitalist crisis and which has achieved spectacular success in laying the foundations of a new social order. The motif is echoed with varying degrees of confidence in the socialist working class movements throughout the capitalist world. "Just as the foreign policies of any capitalist power correspond to its social situation, so the peace policy of the Soviet Union corresponds to its social structure". Consistently since the close of the great war the U.S.S.R. has worked for peace. Its candid demand for "disarmament" came as such a shock to the imperialist powers gathered at the Disarmament Convention that they could only account for it as an act of "bluff". But the foreign policy of the U.S.S.R. has been far more than a disinterested urging upon the nations of the world of the cause of peace. Mr. Dutt's treatment of Soviet foreign policy illustrates the weakness of one who is apt to be bound by Marxist fundamentalism. It is quite true to assert that since the U.S.S.R. is the one socialist State, she will be the State with no imperialist drives to war and, therefore, the one State with a genuine and consistent peace policy. It is ingenuous, however, to imply that the Soviet efforts for collective world peace are inspired by a disinterested desire to make a major contribution to the well-being of the other nations of the world. If the Soviet Union could afford to stay outside of the collective system of capitalist powers she would undoubtedly do so. Her isolationist position as frequently stated before her entry into the League was in complete accord with her socialist premises. One fact and one fact alone has brought the Soviet Union into the collective system, and that was the growing menace of fascism and the increasing indication of conspiracy between Nazi Germany and the war lords of Tokio to crush the power of the Soviet Union. It has been the spectacular achievement of probably the greatest foreign minister that any state has produced since the war, not only to effect regional pacts with the smaller adjacent powers, but to enter into a pact of mutual assistance with the greatest continental imperialist power against a potential aggressor that may strike westward or eastward. But the gain to the Soviet Union in the Franco-Soviet Pact in no way lessens the effect of the agreement upon world peace. As Mr. Dutt states, "The Franco-Soviet Pact, within the Covenant of the League of Nations, is today, when the Locarno Pact and all the other instruments have been broken down, the principal pillar of peace so far as diplomatic machinery can go". Moreover, it is quite possible to believe that if "Britain had taken or were yet to take, a decisive stand, in unity with France and the Soviet Union and the smaller states desiring peace, for the collective maintenance of peace throughout Europe as a whole, the way would not only be barred to Nazi aggression, but the conse-

quent balance of forces for peace would inevitably draw over the still-hesitating smaller states, and also eventually Poland (where there is a sharp division of policy) to the stronger grouping for peace, and would thus finally compel Germany to enter into the system of collective security". The latter half of the argument is less convincing. It would appear to be much more likely, as Dutt himself suggests in another context, that united action on the part of the socialist and democratic powers against fascism would cause fascism to break down from increasing internal stresses and tensions.

The maintenance of collective peace is an immediate imperative. But collective peace in an imperialist world can only serve to postpone the war towards which imperialism drives. Upon the countries where socialism has gained or is gaining a foothold, upon the working class organized throughout the world to achieve socialism, rests the final obligation to eradicate war. War is not inevitable, but if the tentative peace which collective security guarantees is not taken advantage of to establish a socialist world order, then war will consume the "civilized" world.

The strength of Mr. Dutt depends upon the amazing range of his knowledge in the field of international affairs and upon his ability to relate such knowledge to a dialectical scheme of interpretation. His weakness, as we suggested above, is a tendency to Marxist fundamentalism. Facts which do not fit into his scheme are dismissed as irrelevant. A wide range of documents all support his theses. Imperialist statesmen are always naive, or hypocritical, or scoundrels or completely governed by circumstances. Soviet statesmen, on the other hand, are an amazing amalgam of saint and realist. We tend to distrust people or nations without sin, that make no mistakes, that never harbour a selfish motive. But we like Mr. Dutt and are grateful to him for a brilliant contribution to contemporary historical research as well as to the cause of peace in our time.

Battle Hymn for the Spanish Rebels

The Church's one foundation
Is now the Moslem sword,
In meek collaboration
With flame and axe and cord;
Deep-winged with holy love
The battle-planes of Wotan,
The bombing-planes of Jove.

L. A. M.



BOOKS



J. B. Priestly

THEY WALK IN THE CITY: J. B. Priestley; Macmillans; pp. 515. \$2.50.

IT has been said gratefully of Mr. Priestley that his novels are either good or not-so-good, but never downright bad. And even those that we must regretfully class as not-so-good still contain much that is interesting, amusing, and valuable, valuable especially in spontaneous and sympathetic social criticism. As a novel, *They Walk In The City* is, it must be admitted, not-so-good. It belongs rather with *Wonder Hero* than with *Angel Pavement* or *The Good Companions*. The interest of the story is rather slight, and its mechanism jerky. The minor characters, so tellingly sketched in the earlier works as to provide fully half the pleasure, are, with the exception of Mrs. Salter, only hastily blocked in; and even the major characters lack the full-blooded distinctness of their illustrious predecessors.

In spite of all that, the book has a distinct value and interest of its own that will probably win it a good number of readers and carry them steadily, though with no feverish absorption, through its considerable and somewhat disorganized length. Organization has never been a particularly strong point with Mr. Priestley, but he can usually be depended on to maintain interest in the episodes themselves. But in this book it is not the episodes that hold our attention so much as the general tone of the book. More than once we may feel that we should have expected Mr. Priestley to make more of this or that episode than he does; but the day of carefree dawdling, absorbed in the gusto of the moment, seems to be over for Mr. Priestley, and we are hurried on, somewhat surprised and resentful, to the next situation.

This uneasiness and dissatisfaction seem to reflect an honest bewilderment in Mr. Priestley's own mind, a struggle between a tough confidence in the fundamental qualities of the English people, and the deep discomfort he cannot help feeling at the sight of much in their present behaviour. More than any other popular writer—or than most unpopular writers, for that matter—he is keenly aware that the England in which the post-war generation is growing up, is vastly, and in many ways dangerously, different from pre-war England. Believing too much of the danger lies in the incapacity of pre-war Englishmen to appreciate this change, a change in behaviour and ideals so fundamental that it can only be properly appreciated by accepting it as a definite change in character, he has set his novelist's insight to the task of sympathetically appreciating and interpreting this change, not only to his own generation, but to the younger generation as well, as his contribution to the task of clearing up the painful confusions and conflicts in the English mind that have lately made the English an even more

hopeless enigma to other nations than they were before, and for the first time in many years a disastrous and paralyzing enigma to themselves.

In the midst of all this confusion there are certain values to which Mr. Priestley doggedly clings; indeed it is the difficulty of reconciling these conflicting values that causes the confusion. He is passionately aware of many grave flaws in England's social and economic life, but about the various things that have been done or proposed to mend these flaws, he is far from sure. He is worried alike by the problem; what sacrifices are justifiable for what ends? and what sacrifices is it historically likely the English will be willing to make for these or any ends? He still has a good deal of affection, if not respect, for the happy enthusiasts who dodge the realization that when they speak of the "liquidation of a class" they actually mean the murder of a fair number of their fellow men; and he has some respect, if not affection, for those who do realize this, but count it a fair price for new Utopias; for those who speak of the "maintenance of order", meaning the selfish perpetuation of generally unsatisfactory conditions by the clubbing and shooting of their fellow men, he has neither affection nor respect. For him at least the time is past when fascist activities in England could be viewed as simply ridiculous; they are ridiculous still, but they are sinister as well. He would say, with Cicero, that any terms of peace are better than civil war.

The urgency of the general problem seems to distract his attention somewhat from its realization in individuals, and this is a pity, for few people can so effectively remind us that while this or that "class" is a useful abstraction to facilitate discussion, these "classes" have no real existence except as figures of speech. It is not a class that does and suffers things, it is a number of human beings, richly and startlingly different in character and temperament, falling from time to time into various groupings under the pressure of various needs and desires. The picture of the Salter family is an excellent example of how well Mr. Priestley can portray the important deviations of the individual from an accepted norm or type, or, if you like, of his consciousness of the complex diversity of interlocking types in actual life. The London characters, however, are rather hints and indications than the solid "characters" we expect from Mr. Priestley.

But in a sense it is the very honesty with which Mr. Priestley faces a world neither he nor anyone else can adequately understand, that causes these flaws. We cannot forget that though the book ends in the hopeful triumph of the young romance that forms its main thread, the young man has no job and no immediate prospect of one, and is going back to a town in the North where the only successful business is a new factory belonging to a large chain that employs only women and girls to mind its machines.

L. A. MacKAY.

Mystic and Realist

THINK OF THE EARTH: Bertram Brooker; Nelson's; pp. 288; \$2.00.

THIS is very much a book that counts, and will, I believe, be a distinguished and distinctive addition to Canadian literature. Two qualities make it especially remarkable: a beautiful sensitiveness of style and a peculiarly vivid visual clarity. Mr. Brooker not only has the painter's eye for significant and colourful detail, he also possesses in full measure the writer's talent to translate such detail into glowingly living language, endowing even the most ordinary words with full and precise meaning, harmonizing the whole by an easy, flowing and graceful rhythm which should delight even the reader who does not consciously perceive it. He can describe a chance meeting in the street, or a man at work in his study, so that we feel we are ourselves at their elbow, and see them before us as we see in actual life only when our senses are unusually awake and receptive. The whole picture of life is a small mid-Western town thirty years ago is strikingly vivid; in particular the gathering on the wharf for news of the drowning is a masterly piece of writing, not only stylistically but emotionally.

Something of the same visual clarity contributes much to the character-drawing. Mr. Brooker's characters are, I think, most successful when he can bring them before us either in action against a definite background or through the conversation of others, for he then uses to the full his extreme sensitiveness of perception and language. That is especially the case with the minor characters, but it is true also of the hero—the Englishman who is the victim of a rapidly culminating mystical mania that is driving him to a murder through which he will, a second but guilty Christ, bear the sins of the world. Here, however, Mr. Brooker has attempted something more intimate and therefore more difficult. He does make us live in the maniac's mind to a very large extent (indeed if he has the same understanding sympathy for other types of suffering humanity he is potentially a great writer) but I cannot help feeling that the occasional passages of more introverted reflection do not offer the same scope to his own peculiar excellence.

Many interesting religious and mystical ideas occur in the course of the mania's development; and there is more than a dash of D. H. Lawrence under the more explicit influence of Keats and Blake. A discussion of these ideas is here impossible. In any case the novelist's function is not so much philosophical originality as clear and compelling presentation, and Mr. Brooker is fully equal to his task.

This is perhaps not everybody's book, and some may find the mystical and religious ideas too disturbing or difficult, even though the mystic does recover from his madness, if not from his mysticism, at the end. This should not, however, prevent the discriminating reader from enjoying the many attractive features of the work, and its high literary merit. Mr. Brooker is well known as a man of many talents. As one who is primarily interested in

literature I hope he will not allow achievements in other directions to interfere with the development of his talent as a writer of fiction, and I look forward with keen expectation to further work in this direction.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE: Morley Callaghan; Macmillan; pp. 316. \$2.00.

A NEW novel from Mr. Callaghan has come to be something of an event in North American letters but a collection of stories somewhat less so, probably because the greater part of them have already appeared in magazines and are familiar to their readers. Yet, Now That April's Here seems to be by far the most important contribution Mr. Callaghan has made not only in terms of that purely twentieth century development, the short story, but in terms of his own progress.

Of the thirty five stories that make up this book, seven at least have a classic simplicity, an unimpassioned humanity, that should ensure Mr. Callaghan's reputation as long as the English language is spoken and read. But more than such qualities, these stories have something so intangible that to put it into words would almost destroy it. Anyway it is something quite apart from Mr. Callaghan's equipment as a writer; an intuitive perception, perhaps, of the significance of the minutiae of our daily lives. All The Years of Her Life brings out this quality so clearly that it is almost painful to read it. The Young Priest and The Sick Call have already, of course, established themselves as models of sensitive writing, but Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks remains, for me, the finest example of Mr. Callaghan's talent. The young couple in the park "walking close together as if sharing a secret that made them silent and a little afraid": the girl's sudden fear that, for all their love for each other, their life together might hold nothing but "poverty and ugliness"; their brief, bitter quarrel; and the return of their confidence in each other and in their happiness. It is all very slight and on the surface very, very unimportant, but it has a timelessness and a universal sympathy that is the rarest of moods to capture. Three other stories, The Blue Kimona, The Faithful Wife, and Lunch Counter are worthy of particular mention.

How much of the author's deliberately toneless manner of telling his stories is a skillful and conscious adaptation of his medium to his subjects and how much of it is a repugnance for the over-developed style of some of his contemporaries it is hard to judge. In some instances the complete lack of emphasis almost amounts to indifference, yet such indifference should be impossible in view of his choice of material, which is consistently related to social and emotional problems. It may be that rather than confuse some of the extremely nebulous subject matter that he uses by any introduction of his own personality, Mr. Callaghan prefers to depend upon strictly factual reporting. But, even when he is only reporting, Mr. Callaghan is seeing things to which the rest of us are frequently and shamefully blind.

ELEANOR GODFREY.

Richelieu

THE CARDINAL DICTATOR: A Portrait of Richelieu: Auguste Bailly; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 310. \$4.50.

THE great Cardinal has waited a long time for an adequate introduction to the common reader. The picture of him bequeathed to posterity by the romanticizing of the nineteenth century, like the pictures of Macchiavelli, Catherine de Medici, Louis XIV and many other personalities of pre-Revolutionary days, was a mass of prejudice and misinterpretation, essentially untrue because thoroughly out of its multiple human relations. The cynical egoist keeping a boy king in perverting tutelage, living in the shadows of court intrigue, thriving on anarchy and assassination, travelling about the country in lacquey-borne, be-curtained palanquins is a very different picture indeed from that of the work-worn, abscess-ridden, faction-harassed realist who spent his strength lavishly in fashioning a distracted kingdom and a travailing century to the ideal of monarchic and religious unity. In Monsieur Bailly's admirable biography the 'genius' of romanticism, the hero who must be either an 'angel' or a 'demon', has become a really human figure, superior in talent, fascinating, ambitious, upright, indomitable, unremitting, feelingless save for his country and his king.

The spade-work for such a study has been done by a d'Avenel, a Hanotaux, a Deloche. But the disadvantage of such bulky treatises lies in the abundance of their historic detail, in which the man is likely to be submerged. M. Bailly reverses the emphasis, so that the herculean activities of Cardinal Richelieu's life, the destruction of feudalism, the organization of commerce and industry, the establishment of a navy and a mercantile marine, the pacification of the Protestants, the Thirty Years' War, the problems of internal administration, all become subservient occasions for the sharper definition of a portrait and the interpretation of character. In consequence the historian may carry away the impression of a certain thinness of treatment. He may disagree with the author's estimate of the significance of certain details, such as that of protestantism as, at bottom, a purely political aspiration. This amounts, however, to nothing more than a weaker line in a background and affects in no way the high relief of the medallion, so that the total effect remains of the highest veracity.

The secret of Richelieu's success lay in his singleness of purpose. His will had only one direction: the greatness of France in the person of the King. The means he employed to capture the confidence of the boy monarch were those of the unscrupulous politician and were such as to sow in Louis' mind the gravest doubts concerning the sincerity of the ambitious prelate. Once the King was on his side nothing contaminated his loyalty, nothing disturbed his vision.

Both the translator and the publisher are to be congratulated upon an almost (if not quite) impeccable interpretation and presentation of M. Bailly's highly distinguished performance. It is not always that a superior work finds so adequate a dress.

J. S. WILL.

The C. I. D.

THE STORY OF SCOTLAND YARD: Sir Basil Thomson; Doubleday, Doran; pp. 348. \$3.50.

DETECTIVE story fans will find this book absorbing. Sir Basil was head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard from 1913 to 1921, and has since post-graduated as an author of detective fiction. He writes with knowledge and liveliness of the growth and present operation of the Yard's famous C.I.D. The fans will be interested to learn that "it was not until the detective novel came into vogue and the daily press began to take an interest in the work of detectives that they came into their own." At first plainclothesmen were looked on with suspicion—not only by the criminal classes. They were "a disreputable body composed of low Irishmen who would furnish the government with information imperilling the liberty of the people," or spies invading the privacy of citizens. Even now, remarks Sir Basil with a note of pathos, "in novels and on the stage it is more often that the brilliant amateur steps in to show the Scotland Yard detective what a blunderer he is."

How the Yard detective works, the sources of his information, the methods used in tracing and identifying criminals, are recounted in detail. Some may be surprised to learn that "the starting point of all detective work is information received . . . from a member of the underworld who has abandoned his criminal career." The Finger Print Registry, which in 1934 had less than 400,000, now has over half a million prints on file. The Crime Index, based upon the tendency of criminals to repeat their methods, lists names, crimes, methods and descriptions under hundreds of classified heads. Curiously, Sir Basil does not favor a scientific laboratory at Scotland Yard similar to Hoover's G-Men department at Washington. The Yard employs outside experts on a fee basis, although it is now considering the setting up of a police research laboratory. "It seems doubtful whether the expense would be justified," says Sir Basil.

The book relates the history of London's police organization from its beginning. It is interesting to be reminded of how often the police have been employed in quelling political outbreaks, from the Reform Bill riots of 1831 and the Chartist demonstrations of 1848 down to the days of the suffragettes. If Sir Basil seems to be invariably on the side of the police in these conflicts, that is perhaps to be expected. The police strike of 1918 is related with evident pain. "The tragic part of this strike when the armies at the front were at death grips with the enemy," says Sir Basil, "was that the demand for higher pay—the real cause of the strike—was on the point of being granted". He has little if any doubt about present police *esprit de corps*. "Probably there is little danger of their forgetting their duty towards the public or of setting themselves up as a haughty 'praetorian guard'; there is certainly far less danger than there was a few years ago of their joining forces with the leaders of strike movements."

Accounts of famous criminal cases enliven the narrative.

CARLTON McNAUGHT.

Russia --- Recantation

MOSCOW ADMITS A CRITIC: Sir Bernard Pares; Nelson's; pp. 94. 75c.

A N author who introduces us at page 26 to a dinner party of his friends consisting of Russian emigrés grouped around the figure of "that fine old soldier General Denikin, with a white beard", could scarcely be expected to show much sympathy for the Soviets, or insight into their achievement. This short book, however, reveals both. Its peculiar interest lies in the author's ability to compare modern with Czarist Russia, which he knew intimately. The account of his own career in the first chapter reveals the liberal, ready to acclaim parliamentary reform led by the "best people", as once seemed possible under Kerensky, but totally unable to understand the Soviet's crusader attempt to make a more thorough democracy. Since the war, cut off from his adopted country, he has led the School of Slavonic Studies in London, and edited the Slavonic Review, both of them instruments of anti-Bolshevik propaganda.

But a visit to Moscow has done much for him for which we should be grateful. After at last securing the necessary visas, he arrived at the New Year holiday (1936). Fifteen years before, he had been assisting the armies of intervention.

Several short chapters, on such topics as social services, education, theatres, law courts, religion, record his impressions—those detailed, accurate but scattered observations of an intelligent man entirely devoid of interest in Marxist theory. They also record his repentance and conversion, in such passages as the following, "To what extent was the government a foreigner to the people? In the times of Tsardom I had never failed to feel its almost complete isolation. . . . Even then (i.e. after the liberal revolution in 1917) there was the much less definable barrier, though a very real one, which separated the Russian intelligentsia from the great mass of the Russian public. . . . I have to say that in Moscow today this frontier seems to have disappeared altogether". (p. 36).

Let us hope that this little book, so urbanely and charmingly written, will be read by other liberals whose cultured ears must always remain deaf to the socialist message, but who may at least learn in time how much of human progress and human happiness is symbolized in the majestic initials U.S.S.R.

E. A. HAVELOCK.

Artillery War

THE WAR OF THE GUNS: Aubrey Wade; Charles Scribner's Sons; pp. 142; \$3.00.

T HIS tale of his experiences on the Western Front in 1917, as a signaller attached to a flying column of artillery, would have made its author famous if it had appeared ten years ago. Since then we have had a vast number of war books, many of them of considerable merit, and the early spectacular successes are not likely to be repeated. But even today The War of the Guns deserves a place among the more distinguished stories of the war, and it is to be hoped that Edmund Blunden's introduction will (as it should) attract attention to it.

The style is deceptive in its simplicity: in reading what appears to be a mere record of facts, we yet find ourselves sharing the author's life to a quite unusual extent, whether it be his admiration for that brave and taciturn man, the Major, though little is said of him, or his scoring over the sergeant-major, which is bound to fill any old soldier, at least with delight. More important, we get 'the feel' of the various dangerous duties to be performed, of the spring retreat and at last the advance in the summer of 1918. Mr. Wade does not philosophize about the war; he does not need to. There are also some features unusual in war-literature: it is written by an artillery man, and the gunners have been more reticent than their comrades in the infantry about their experiences, although, as Blunden says, the great war was a 'war of guns' to an extent not likely to be repeated. Also, the story is illustrated by a number of excellent photographs carefully chosen from official collections and excellently placed to give a visual picture of the kind of events recorded. I hope that this will not deter the reader. Some of them are horrible, inevitably, but not exaggerated. Nor is there anything official in the written account. The photos should certainly help the reader who was not on active service himself to acquire a clearer notion of the truth, and as the style itself is rather photographic the mixture of visual and written records achieves a real unity of the whole.

This book can be safely recommended to those who are genuinely anxious to understand the reality of war, as well as to all who like an exciting tale told in a simple and straightforward manner.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

Fiction

GUEST OF REALITY: Par Lagerkvist; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 287. \$2.00.

T O any reader in search of an anodyne for world-weariness, Guest of Reality is apt to prove an irritant, and he will probably finish the book with a sense of having been badly ruffled and with no very clear idea as to what should be done about it. Writing in pursuit of a philosophical idea, Mr. Lagerkvist turns and doubles adroitly through a Strindbergian complexity of thought, but the reader who can keep pace is forced to admit he knew where he was going all the time.

The three stories which make up the volume are linked by a common theme, the inevitability of suffering and death. In The Eternal Smile, a convocation of the dead in search of God, the author uses pageantry with types ranging from Caliban to Christ in stating his thesis: That the individual's spiritual awareness is only valid when it can be resolved into conscious identification with a universal life force. Guest of Reality is concerned with the child Anders and his emergence from childhood into the first idea of death, a motif that is increasingly persistent, and ends with the young man's realization that his painfully acquired realism is to be shortly terminated by disease and the final reality. In The Hangman, attention is focused upon a multiplicity of patterns shifting from darkness into the fire-stained light of superstition, culminat-

ing in what might be called a paraphrase of the Nietzschean cry, "Man is the cruellest animal" and the symbolic Hangman's passionate protest at being the eternal expression of man's cruelty.

The book is a disturbing one; and if the subtly obvious style leads the reader to think he is about to swallow a limpid draught of fantasy and he finds it to be neat realism, he can but await Mr. Lagerkvist's next book as a "control" test for his sensations.

DOROTHY PAGE.

BIRD ALONE: Sean O'Faolain; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 304. \$2.00.

THIS book is very disappointing to anyone whose introduction to O'Faolain was *A Nest of Simple Folk*. A very simple and by no means new tale of the spiritual conflict within a young Cork Irishman is clouded and complicated by a style which is supersensitive to the point of being unintelligible and by a thick haze of Celtic mysticism which didn't seem very authentic to this reviewer anyway. Although with a name like that the author should be quite an authority. The scene is laid in Parnell's day and one might expect that Home Rule would be the central theme, but soon after the subject is introduced it is crowded out by an unhappy love affair which is developed and frustrated in the finest traditions of sacrifice and nobility. The conversations are conducted in a rich brogue which may explain why the hero and heroine understand each other so seldom.

Two books of Sean O'Faolain's preceded this, one a collection of almost poetically beautiful short stories, *Midsummer Night Madness*, and the other by now justly famed *A Nest of Simple Folk*. What lapse in his artistic judgment is responsible for *Bird Alone* probably even the author doesn't know. Priestley once remarked, "I am all against the discovery of Irish geniuses"; despite the harshness of such a statement, *Bird Alone* would seem to justify it. There are passages, of course, of a wistful and subdued beauty but they scarcely excuse the lamentable inadequacy of the story and the treatment.

ELEANOR GODFREY.

Miscellaneous

T.B.R.—NEWSPAPER PIECES: Thomas B. Robertson; Macmillans; pp. XV, 142. \$1.00.

NEWSPAPER PIECES" follows hard on the author's death. Here was a man whose philosophical mind and gentle humour, whose mastery of pathos free from sentimentality, whose gift of fresh expression abundantly fit him for the library table. Robertson was of Scots-Irish stock. He came to Western Canada from Glasgow at the age of thirty-two, a frail man, first a printer, then a farmer, at last finding an outlet for his creative gift on the *Free Press*, where he served from 1918 until his death early this year. His responses to the Canadian scene in easy and often beautiful prose are doubly interesting: first, because his was a mind full-formed by wide reading and an observant eye; secondly, because his writings reveal that process of modification and adaption which re-

moulds many "Old Country" men who become Canadians even at a mature age. There is little nostalgia in Robertson's "pieces". There is no mistaking where his heart is. It is in the life around him; in the sounds and scents and aspirations of a land looking ahead. If he harks back, it is without regret. Both his viewpoint and his language have received the impress of the new land.

The "pieces" vary in theme and temper from nature painting to *Trousers for Women, Canada* and "Great" Books, *Agitators' Hue and Cry, Canada's Old Masters, The Causes of Mediocrity*; reactions to concerts, books, pictures; impressions of a trip to Europe. There are essays on Christmas, Good Friday, Burns Day. But on the most hackneyed themes he has something fresh to say, or a fresh way of saying the old things. "Digression on a Worm", for example, a curious blend of the macabre and the humorous, is far removed from the stock reflections on mortality. "Death of a Canary Bird," which might so easily descend to the mawkish, achieves both pathos and nobility in feeling, and a lyric beauty in its prose.

The book has an appreciative foreword by J. W. Dafoe, and a biographical introduction by J. B. McGeachy, who made the selection from T.B.R.'s numerous "columns". It is a volume which will find a response in all reflective readers with an ear for fine prose.

CARLTON MCNAUGHT.

THE POLITICAL ADVENTURES OF JOHN HENRY: The Record of An International Imbroglio: Brig.-Gen. E. A. Cruikshank; Macmillans; pp. 206. \$3.50.

JOHN HENRY was a gentleman who lived by his wits during the troubled period at the beginning of the nineteenth century. He came to Montreal in 1806 from the United States, and won the confidence of leading Canadians because of his anti-republican sentiments. In 1809 he was sent by Craig, the Governor, on a confidential mission to win the confidence of Federalist circles in New England. War between Britain and the United States seemed imminent, and the New England business interests were so opposed to it that their opposition might reach the point of positive disloyalty to the government of their country. This intervention by a Canadian governor in internal American politics would of course raise delicate international questions if it were to be discovered. Henry did not receive the rewards he expected for his exertions and later sold some of his documents to the American Secretary of State, Monroe, who used them to try to discredit the Federalists. All this provided one of the sensations of the day in American politics. General Cruikshank tells the story as he has woven it together from documents in the Canadian Archives and in the Library of Congress. Most of his book consists of the letters written by or to Henry, and the picture they give of the times is so remarkable that he is well justified in confining his own narrative to a minimum.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

EXPLORING THE STRATOSPHERE: Gerald Heard; Nelson's; pp. 98. \$1.00.

We have all heard of the stratosphere these days and from time to time read an account in our

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newspapers of some daring attempt to penetrate into that strange region ten miles or more above our heads. And most of us don't know what it's all about. Mr. Gerald Heard, in his very clear and interesting guidebook, tells us some most surprising things about the nature of this stratosphere, what attempts have been made since Professor Picard's first successful ascent in 1931, why results are so valuable, what pure science stands to gain and what practical results are expected to follow in the way of weather forecasting, surer flying, broadcasting and the like.

Now that the surface of the earth has been pretty well surveyed, it seems that mankind is making a determined effort to explore upwards. These stratosphere expeditions may well be the most significant scientific adventure of our age. They should therefore be of interest to all educated men and women—it is good to find that men can still write in friendly emulation for the sake of scientific discovery, plunging into a sphere from where our petty struggles must look even more stupidly wasteful than they do when viewed from the surface of the earth. Here is the thrill of real indomitable adventure for all to delight in.

QUEBEC: Where Ancient France Lingers: Marius Barbeau; Macmillan; pp. 173. \$2.50.

This charming, scholarly book is the work of a man whose field research under the auspices of The National Museum of Canada has made him familiar to all educated Canadians. It brings to light a wealth of beauty and culture that is in great danger of being forgotten or ignored. Mr. Barbeau has skilfully traced the survivals of ancient traditions of crafts and folk lore and in doing so has unearthed a refinement of civilization that English-speaking Canadians are probably unaware their country possessed. The author has recreated a New France in which woodcarvers, silversmiths, embroiderers, storytellers and architects developed their respective arts to a fitting complement of the European culture from which they received their incentive. The publishers are to be congratulated upon the appearance of the book. It is paper bound and printed upon a specially heavy woven stock and photographs are reproduced with amazing success on this paper, as well as old cuts and plans. Other illustrations are provided by Miss Marjorie Borden and her work is responsible for a great part of the book's beauty.

SOCIAL SCIENCE RESEARCH, McGill University: Report of The Director, Session 1935-36.

THE lack of a comprehensive body of analysis and interpretation of the social and economic factors in Canadian development presents a problem alike to the research worker and to the politician. Among the most notable of recent efforts to remedy this lack has been the work, during the past five years, of the McGill Social Science Research Department, financed by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. The report of the Director, Professor L. C. Marsh, at the end of the period of the first grant, records a notable advance in the slow work of ac-

cumulating a body of basic social studies. Some forty studies have been undertaken, all related at some point to the general programme.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Mention in this list does not in any way preclude review in a future issue).

CENTRAL EUROPE AND THE WESTERN WORLD: Gerhard Schacher; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 224; \$3.00.

INDIA AND THE WORLD: Jawaharlal Nehru; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 262; \$1.50.

THE LAW OF PEACE: C. van Vollenhoven, translated by W. Horsfall Carter; Macmillan; pp. 261; \$3.50.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GOLD STANDARD: Gustav Cassel; Oxford Press; pp. 262; \$1.75.

LABOR UNIONS AND THE PUBLIC: Walter Chambers; Longmans; pp. 269; \$2.25.

AN AMERICAN EXPERIMENT: E. M. Hugh-Jones and E. A. Radice; Oxford Press; pp. 296; \$1.75.

MAINLAND: Gilbert Seldes; Scribner's; pp. 443; \$3.00.

A GRAPHICAL SURVEY OF THE CANADIAN TEXTILE INDUSTRIES: J. A. Coote; McGill University; pp. 248; \$1.50.

REPORT BY THE COMMITTEE OF EXPERTS ON HYDRAULIC AND ROAD QUESTIONS IN CHINA: League of Nations; pp. 213; \$1.75.

MONETARY REVIEW. Money and Banking 1935/36: League of Nations; Vol. 1; 65c.

COMMERCIAL BANKS: Vol. II of above; \$1.85.

(League Publications from L. of N. Society, 124 Wellington St., Ottawa).

BERTHA VON SUTTNER, and the Struggle to avoid the World War: Caroline E. Playne; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 248; \$2.75.

TSUSHIMA: A. Novikoff-Priboy, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 407; \$5.00.

THE PURPOSE OF PAINTING: Lynton Lamb; Oxford Press; pp. 40; \$1.00.

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE: Canadian Authors' Association; 50c.

HILL SAGA (collection of verse): Warren Bartlett Horner; Shepperdstown Register; pp. 83; \$1.50.

T. E. LAWRENCE: Vyvyan Richards; Cape-Nelson; pp. 255; \$2.50.

STRANGE COAST: Liam Paul; Macmillan; pp. 284; \$2.00.

OF LENA SEYER: Marcia Davenport; Scribner's; pp. 473; \$2.75.

THE SECRET JOURNEY: James Hanley; Chatto Windus-Macmillan; pp. 569; \$3.00.

SUMMER WILL SHOW: Sylvia Townsend Warner; Viking-Macmillan; pp. 421; \$2.50.

STANDING ROOM ONLY: Walter Greenwood; pp. 288; \$2.00.

FOR DEAR LIFE: Belinda Jelliffe; Scribner's; pp. 355; \$2.75.

WHITE BANNERS: Lloyd C. Douglas; Thomas Allen; pp. 400; \$2.50.

MR. TUTT TAKES THE STAND: Arthur Train; Scribner's; pp. 290; \$2.00.

FIELD HOCKEY: Anne B. Townsend; Scribner's; pp. 153; \$2.00.

WAR PAINT, An Indian Pony (Children's Book): Paul Brown; Scribner's; \$2.00.

Beverley Nichols

Has now written a narrative of a journey in the Near East and the Holy Land

No Place Like Home

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GREECE TURKEY EGYPT
PALESTINE

Mr. Nichols has always had a genius for doing the unexpected, and *No Place Like Home* is no exception to the rule. It may be described as a travel-book, but travelling with Mr. Nichols is unlike travelling with anybody else.

\$2.50

News From Tartary

by Peter Fleming.

Author of "Brazilian Adventure", etc.

"News From Tartary is the best Fleming, and what could be more entertaining and exciting than that?"—*News Chronicle*.

"Its political and informative value is considerable. Its entertainment value is immense."—*Daily Telegraph of London*. \$3.75

Lasseter's Last Ride

by Ion L. Idreiss.

"Like no other book I have ever read, for the feeling it builds up of the majesty and terror of Central Australia".—*John O'London Weekly*. \$2.50

Under Western Skies

by Arthur S. Morton.

Professor Morton is recognized as the leading authority on Western Canadian history and his readers will be grateful to him for the light he has here thrown on many of the persons who enacted much of that history—Iberville, La Verendrye, Kelsey, Mackenzie, among them.

\$2.00

Ramblin' Jack

The Journal of Capt. John Cremer (1770-1774)

Edited by R. R. Bellamy.

A vivid picture of the rough-and-tumble of naval and merchant ships during the middle of the 18th century which is not likely to be soon forgotten. The racy story of a hard-bitten seaman, of the old school told in a style as spirited as might be expected.

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